THEATRE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXIX, No. 219. MAY, 1919

From a portrait by Abbe

EILEEN HUBAN

Who plays the leading rôle in "Dark Rosaleen" a comedy of Irish life at the Belasco Theatre

IS THE STAGE TOO VULGAR?

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

AMONG the many denunciatory diatribes which, of late, ministers, educators and others have directed against the degeneracy and ever-increasing license of the stage, one fact stands out very clearly—that is, the dearth of really worth-while plays. There is a vast, ceaseless output of crude, indecent, indifferently-acted pieces—*lingerie* farces and suggestive undraped musical comedies—which discredit the managers who sponsor them as much as they degrade the people who patronize them. It is this theatrical offal, offensive to the nostrils, that nowadays literally swamps our stage and makes theatregoing, not the delightful, enjoyable, intellectual recreation it used to be and should be, but—well, just the other thing.

Some of the recent condemnations of certain flagrant instances of stage nastiness are justified by the facts; others display narrowness and intolerance and a hatred for all things theatrical, showing that the old Puritanical spirit, which at one period in our history succeeded in forbidding theatrical entertainment altogether, is still alive today. This in itself is significant, and those managers who love money so much that they are blind even to their own interests, would do well to take timely warning. Never as now has public opinion wielded such formidable power. Public opinion it was that helped the "drys" to enact their Prohibition bill into law. Public opinion is now being aroused by similar organized forces to combat other alleged evils. Let our purveyors of theatrical filth beware that the public, finally losing patience at their persistent indecencies, be not aroused against them, too.

A ST. LOUIS critic, exasperated by the unblushing animalism of the average Broadway girl show perennially inflicted on his town, makes a vigorous protest. Wrathfully he exclaims:

"With such 'productions' packing the houses, the theatre will soon be nothing more nor less than a house of prostitution, and with the decline of the theatre goes the decline of the people. Oh, for a Hercules to clean the Augean stables, and send these horrible rats who control the theatre and prostitute it to the rat holes from which they came. Money, bah! One feels as though he would rather starve than touch the stuff if this is what it brings man and woman to."

The malady is by no means peculiar to America. England registers the same complaint. What one critic says of the theatres in London might apply so well to our own Broadway houses that the analogy is startling. He writes:

"Four years have changed a good many points of view. They have not changed the theatre except for the worse. It is many years since our theatre formed any part of the national culture. In France you must know something of modern drama if you want to be abreast of the civilization of your time. Here you can ignore it safely—you will ignore it if you are wise. The most trashy novel, full of diamonds and marchionesses, has more influence than all our theatres put together.

"What is the life which the theatre reflects? The life which begins when healthy people are going to bed—the life of artificial emotions, of shady pleasures, of expensive idleness, of unreal friendships, and sordid hospitality; the life which glitters and is second-rate. Before the war taught us that men should be men, the cosmopolitan odor of the theatre and its atmosphere of wealth without health were taken as a natural part of the life of London. That can never happen again: for in the new aspect of London (I speak as one among millions of demobilized soldiers) such things not only are, but are seen to be, unnatural. We have had dramatic entertainment, too, with the Forces.

"How different from the unwholesome titter of the London theatre—the forced laugh at a jest which leaves a nasty taste behind, the tired applause for some too-well-known face. I came away from a professional performance hopelessly bored. One wondered what people could see in it—except suggestiveness under a pretence of art, and half-naked women with no pretence at all.

"Put me down a Philistine. I am either too old, or too far out of touch, to find any compensation for staying up late in such an entertainment. Yet I am not alone, since managers are themselves asking the question: 'Is the theatre too vulgar?' What they have got to realize is that we are not living in 1914. The swarm of aliens who were so long allowed to color our art and our morals have gone—some of them. There are shirkers of various kinds and degrees, people of undesirable past and of doubtful patriotism, who remain behind. It is these who make the public for the nasty, and for whom it pays some managers to profiteer."

OUR stage is as it is today because the men who control it—with only few exceptions—are persons without culture or taste, men incapable of even comprehending idealism and the higher aspirations of humanity, with no love for the theatre as an art, mere commercial traders who happen to dispense nasty plays instead of vegetables, and having but one fixed objective in life—to make money.

These theatrical hucksters believe they are supplying a demand which, of course, is true. The demand unquestionably exists. Take the big theatrical successes of this season. You will find the worth-while plays—the brilliantly written drawing-room comedy, the fine poetic drama, the charming play of sentiment—literally snowed under by an avalanche of silly, vacuous, salacious bedroom farces—suggestive muck hastily thrown together for the sole purpose of attracting the nasty-minded and catching the nimble dollar. For one clean play that wins favor, at least three suggestive pieces score a hit and settle down for a run.

In the last analysis, therefore, who is to blame—manager, playwright or public?

Box-office figures point unmistakably to the public being the culprit. They prove that salacious plays and indecent exhibitions of feminine nudity attract more patrons than clean plays. The only possible inference therefore is that the majority of theatregoers prefer the former kind of stage entertainment. If they didn't, the manager—out only for profit—wouldn't be so anxious to cater to them.

The obvious remedy is to educate theatre audiences to appreciate a higher type of play. A rather tall order when one looks around and observes the faces in an average New York audience. Educate that gross, coarse physiognomy to care for anything not immediately connected with his animal appetites! The process would require several generations. Do we realize that our theatre audiences have changed enormously in late years? The vast foreign element in the population, the great prosperity of the country, has brought to the theatre a class that the dramatist never before had to reckon with—ignorant, boorish people with coarse, primitive instincts and amused only by the grossest exhibitions.

Watch the average man of this type during a performance—the woman, too, for the female of the species is just as bad. What most tickles their fancy? One of the stage characters bursts into a volley of profanity—a roar of approval. Suggestive lines—a broad grin. A vulgar action—a howl of delight.

WE are living in a decadent age. The drama languishes in common with all the arts. Are the best books being written today? No. Is the best music being composed? No. Are the best canvasses being painted? No. How, then, can we expect to have the best plays and the most cultured audiences?

The average theatregoer of today—the theatregoer of the class that prefers suggestive musical comedy and *lingerie* farce—is little better than the cave man. A creature of low mentality, he has the thinnest veneer of civilization. He is only slightly educated—often not educated at all. He likes the theatre because it is a place of noise, lights and tinsel. He likes to see pretty women, the sight of bare flesh arouses his sensuality, he enjoys the clownish antics of the low comedian, the cruder and noisier the show the more he enjoys it. Ask him to listen to some of George Bernard Shaw's verbal pyrotechnics or Barrie's whimsical sentiment, and he'd run out of the theatre. This type of man wasn't found in the first-class theatres thirty years ago. In those days, he was a frequenter of the cheaper halls and theatres in the Bowery. But to-day he has money, wears good clothes, smokes expensive cigars and a Broadway show is none too good for him. Do you think such a man is capable of appreciating the beauties of a Corot or a Daubigny? Would you expect him to enjoy the prose of Walter Pater or the poetry of Swinburne? How, then, can you expect him to patronize Shakespeare and the best in the drama?

But in time he may be educated. The newly-organized Workmen's Theatre opens the way. Describing the theatre as it is now constituted as "a hothouse of artificial emotion," the Workmen's Theatre plans to "regenerate the theatre by infusing into it the health and strength of the masses, to make the theatre a source of invigorating beauty and joy, to develop in the theatre its inherent possibilities as a vital, educational and spiritual force." That is its avowed purpose.

It is an ambitious programme. Let's hope it will succeed. Then, one day, we may have audiences capable of appreciating good plays, and the drama will come into its own again.

1. Dorothy Dickson—the incarnation of beauty in motion. 2. A group of classic Greek dancers. 3. Mrs. Castle—chic, tall and lily-like. 4. Frances White—pert and adorable. 5. The Dolly Sisters—unique and inimitable. 6. Ann Pennington—diminutive but full of "pep." 7. Gaby Deslys—Frenchy and much-plumed. 8. Anna Pavlowa—the Queen of them all. 9. Doraldina—the sinuous, who brought real Hawaii to Broadway

THE DANCE WORLD IN BLACK AND WHITE

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

New operas at the Metropolitan.
Famous singers in song recitals

By PIERRE V. R. KEY

THE music season, by its quavering laboriousness, is denoting signs of approaching demise. Once every year, always at about this time, the creaking begins. Usually, some ill-made American opera starts the decrescendo, and there follows then a host of penultimate musical offerings: some excellent, others semi-excellent, a larger number of the hemi-semi-demi variety and a few that never should have been lifted from their musical perambulators.

Those of us who must listen whether or no bring to our critical tasks at this juncture the set smile, the hopeful heart, the willing spirit; yet for all that, we fear, there clings the indulgent attitude of the musically over-fed. Ye Gods and James Gibbons Huneker! How could it be otherwise? Week after week of much too much opera and concert and recital for even partial assimilation. Sponge-like though we be, we're fed up; which puts the fag end artists in unenviable positions of striving to please those who listen conscientiously but who perforce sit innocently the victims of the music deluge.

It's the system that is at fault. Instead of a marathon New York's music season is a quarter-mile dash. Unwilling to miss hearing what is worth the effort one rushes madly from place to place: feeling, no doubt, too keenly, enjoying too heartily, living too much.

BUT none of us, for all our grumbling, would have it otherwise in so much as one small iota. For the spice of it is there; the occasional tang which steadies taut nerves. Because history is in the making, and not to be a part of it would leave us dissatisfied and loud-voiced with croakings of protest.

It was a wild night in the Metropolitan when Mr. Gatti-Casazza presented for the first time on any stage (many of us wished it might be the last time) those two one-act American operas "The Legend" and "The Temple Dancer." Everybody who is anybody, and for whom the thing was possible, put in an appearance. Loud were the creakings of the mechanical joints, and operatically weird indeed, these works of home-made manufacture which had never before felt the glow of the spotlight or pulsated under a claquer's calloused hand.

Far be it from us to discourage native talent; it should ever be given a supporting shoulder. Only, in these instances, such assistance would but defeat its intended purpose; false praise, proffered as a balm, does no more in the end than to expose more cruelly the hurt it would cover. So, for the sake of other Americans whose hopes center upon writing serious opera, it is kinder and vastly more beneficial to point out defects that all may profit by avoiding them.

Straight across the plank and into the sea of oblivion where it deserved to rest went "The Legend." A compact musico-melodramatic dose it proved . . . mislabelled tragedy. Beginning like a moving-picture scenario, the libretto snorted and rampaged until we began finally to wonder if possibly Jacques Byrne hadn't forgotten to provide a set of spoken and descriptive titles as well as a screen to flash them on.

The hullabaloo was all about a peculiar Balkan nobleman—a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde person—who became after nightfall a bold, bad man. On this particular evening—Walpurg's Eve, in truth—there stalks abroad the very Devil himself, knocking at the doors of those whom, the legend runs, shall die if they open them. And, while the Evil One went about, playing "tick-tack-toe" on the portals of other people's abodes, Count Stackareff (alias Black Lorenzo, who is something of a plot-thickener), has concealed about the premises a wealthy Prague merchant for whom he has demanded a goodly ransom. Forsooth, and he was impatient over the non-arrival of the expected messenger bearing the desired lucre.

© *Mishkin*

CECIL ARDEN

The gifted contralto of the Metropolitan Opera, who is to be heard shortly in costume recitals. She is seen here as she appears when singing songs of Dixie

The night wore on; and things (dreadful, moving-picture things) happened. The Devil knocked at Count Stackareff's door; knocked thrice: once for its opening by the nobleman's beautiful daughter, Carmelita; once for Stephen, the soldier-officer and sweetheart of Carmelita, who was searching for the dreaded Black Lorenzo; and once, finally, to be opened by the Count, himself. All these preliminaries were as obvious as the easily-guessed end. The three principal characters perished violently: first, the officer, Stephen, stabbed by his sweetheart who sought to protect her fleeing father; next Count Stackareff, who was intercepted by the soldiers who guarded the castle's exterior, and finally the lovely Carmelita, who fell a victim to a hastily organized firing-squad.

Joseph C. Breil wrote the music for "The Legend." It is regrettable not to be able to speak of it with lavish commendation; we believe in the American in music and in giving Americans—creative as well as interpretative—every fair chance. But being an American entitles no one to consideration beyond what has been legitimately achieved—so Mr. Breil must take his medicine, along with the rest who try and do not succeed. Perhaps in his next effort he will do better.

The principals were Rosa Ponselle, as Carmelita; Paul Althouse, in the rôle of Stephen, and Louis D'Angelo as the Count. Miss Ponselle sang gloriously, and did as much as one well can do with an artificial character. But Mr. Althouse was like no Balkan we have ever seen. His swagger reminded one of Houston Street, and his singing had a petulant whine which may not be so often heard in the Metropolitan next season, since he is to concertize rather extensively. D'Angelo was vocally and dramatically impressive.

AFTER "The Legend" it was no trick at all to score an operatic goal; so "The Temple Dancer," by contrast, held the point of vantage. Incidentally, the music was infinitely better in its technical construction and held some commendable moments. John Adam Hugo began so well that for several moments the hearer felt a thrill of encouragement. Afterward, however, the introductory standard of excellence faltered, and there was very, very little of the oriental color which the work required.

Jutta Bell-Ranske had a promising (if not original) idea as the basis of her "Temple Dancer" libretto, but it was not adequately developed; and the English in the text . . . well, we won't waste words in discussing the essentials it lacked. The Dancer, naturally, was the chief character. She crept into the temple to steal some jewels from the Great Mahadeo; she was discovered by the Guard, who became enamored of her. Then, after dancing until the too-loving hands of the Guard discovered the Dancer had a sweetheart waiting for her outside, there came a trifling incident wherein the thoroughly worldly Dancer poisoned her admirer. She didn't escape, however; a bolt of lightning killed her.

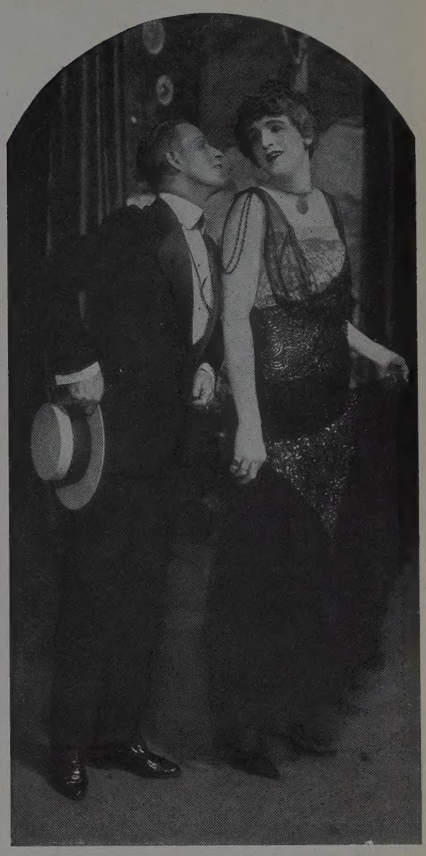
Strange, isn't it, how the chorus in opera always troops in immediately the leading character has passed out? No one has to give a signal; there is, so far as one may discover, no wireless message. Yet, from the wings, they flock upon the scene with those interrogatory glances and gestures which arouse our admiration no less than our (*Concluded on page* 325)

Photos White

Private Jack Johannes as Roscoe Ransome, the life saver, and Private E. A. Crawford as Kitty, the manicurist

Private Harry Sharpe (wounded in action) and Private Walter Roberts who plays the feminine lead

"LET'S BEAT IT" THE MUSICAL FARCE WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND ACTED BY THE SOLDIERS OF THE 27TH DIVISION AND PRESENTED AT THE CENTURY THEATRE



Corporal Ray Lloyd as the Englishman and Private Dan Burns as Mrs. Marlowe

Pvt. H. Plassman, who plays Billy Barrow, the male lead, and Private Eric Krebs as Rita Marlowe

Privates Jack Roche and William C. Pauly in their dance specialty "Whisper of the Moon"

BOYS WILL BE BOYS AND BOYS WILL BE GIRLS

THE MAN WHO MAKES THE SHOW GO

Unknown to the public, his name appears in only the smallest type on the theatre program

By DONALD McLEOD

ON every theatre program just before the "credits" which tell who made that green thing the leading woman wears and who supplies soap for the actors is a list of the staff with the company. That staff includes the business manager, the technical director and the stage manager, or perhaps the first two titles may be less politely expressed as press agent, and head carpenter, but always there is the stage manager, just that, no more or no less. Who is this person? What does he do?

Strangely enough, important as he is to a production, the stage manager is never mentioned in the theatrical world—except on the aforesaid program—and the general public has only the very vaguest idea of him. The writer has discovered this by inquiries. Hence this account of what the stage manager has to do, his responsibilities and worries which begin the very moment a play goes into rehearsal and increase through days and nights all through the play's life until it gives up the ghost years later at some one-night stand. Poor stage management means a poor performance, with a consequent loss to the audiences, but good stage management means a smooth performance, so smooth that the audience forgets someone must have been responsible. It is very much the same as in traveling, so long as the train takes you to your destination without incident, you are oblivious of the engineer, but if the train loses time or you have an accident you become acutely conscious of him. The stage manager is your engineer in the theatre.

THE analogy holds even further. It is as essential for a stage performance to keep schedule as it is for a railroad. This means much more than that the curtain should go up at a stated time, usually a time different from what is advertised. It must reach certain points at certain times. The stage manager has constantly before him the time at which the curtain must go up on the first act, the time it must come down on the act, the time at which it must go up on the second act, and so on to the final curtain. These figures are arrived at by taking those on the first night, deducting for unnecessary delays, and then checking with other performances through the first week, until an ideal time, or schedule is fixed. Not only is this set, but it must be lived up to, and a stage manager must turn in what is called a "time sheet" to the producer, showing the time for each performance during the past week.

Taking the figures for "East Is West" on a recent Monday night, for example, Edwin Maxwell's time sheet submitted to William Harris, Jr., the producer, shows that the curtain went up on the prologue at 8:30 P. M. and came down at 8:49, the prologue ran 19 minutes, there were 4 curtain calls, and the wait between scenes was 8 minutes. Curtain went up on Act 1 at 8:57, came down at 9:45; act ran 48 minutes, curtain calls 5, and wait of 12 minutes. Curtain went up on Act 2 at 9:57, came down at 10:41; act ran 44 minutes, curtain calls 9, and wait of 9 minutes. Curtain went up on Act 3 at 10:50, down at 11:07, act ran 17 minutes, and there were 3 curtain calls. Time of the performance was 2 hours, 37 minutes, and total of time for entre-acts was 29 minutes. Seven minutes were lost in the time of performance, three of these minutes being extra wait between Act 1 and 2 because of the speech against excess taxation, and time allowed for members of the audience to sign petitions. The other extra time was used in Acts 1 and 2 because the comedy lines of Miss Fay Bainter and other members of the cast were going particularly well that night, so even if the audience did not get out of the theatre exactly at 11 o'clock as they should have done, they probably did not mind because they had taken the extra minutes for laughs.

BUT the stage manager cannot allow any delays that might come from faults of the company. He must be especially concerned if the play is a comedy to prevent any slowing up of the action. A good stage manager is a tremendously active person from the minute the first curtain goes up until the last comes down. He darts here, there, everywhere on his rubber heels—it is an obsession with stage managers that people back stage should wear rubber heels—and then he takes his place at the first entrance, that is in the wings nearest the audience. He watches the acting as well as he can from there, and listens carefully for every line. Off he goes again to silence some waiting actors who talk above a whisper. Suddenly there is a silence on the stage, a silence that his practised ear knows should not come just that moment. He dashes down to the nearest entrance to see what is wrong. And to his great relief he finds it is only one of the actors in the scene taking a longer pause before speaking.

But the suspense serves to call attention to another responsibility of this busy man. He must know the play so thoroughly that he can "throw in" a line any time it is needed—he or his assistant is always near the wings with a complete manuscript of the play open—and if necessary, he must be ready to go on at a minute's notice to play the part of someone taken sick, whose under-study does not happen to be present. And whenever there is an occurrence out of the ordinary, that, too, is duly noted by the conscientious stage manager in his "log book," which contains memoranda such as actors late for entrance, breakages in the scenery, in short, anything he wants to keep for record.

ALL this work has merely to do with the actual running time of the performance. A good stage manager arrives early and makes sure that the scenery is being set properly. If thoroughly conscientious, he will be on the stage while each act is being "set," and then he will check up, not only to find each bit of property necessary in the "business"—even to the point with some stage managers of handling each "prop"—but he will also make sure that each actor has answered the call boy promptly and is ready to go on at the proper time. The stage manager, of course, has indicated the minute at which the call should be given, flashing the signals, just as he is in the wings to flash other signals such as those for the rise and fall of the curtain.

From the very moment a play goes into rehearsal, as has been hinted, the stage manager is important. He is always at rehearsal before any member of the company, and he is always the last one to leave rehearsal. He acts as first assistant to the man who is directing the production, and should the director be absent he "carries on." It might be remarked in passing that those two words are the expression of what a stage manager must always do. At rehearsals, among other things, he keeps the manuscript constantly before him, and makes notes in it of every change of dialogue or business, until by the time a play is actually produced it looks as if the manager had written it, at least it is in his handwriting. He also is responsible for the correct preparation of carpenter's, electrician's and property man's "plots," so that adequate preparation will be made in the theatre where the play will go.

Just before the opening night, furthermore, the stage manager has a job which seems minor from the outsider's point of view, but which really causes as much trouble or more than anything else the stage manager has to do. This is the assignment of dressing rooms. He has the job of a hotel clerk without any of that gentleman's opportunities for excuses. There are just so many rooms, just so many people to fit into them, and every one can see what everyone else is getting, the stage manager included.

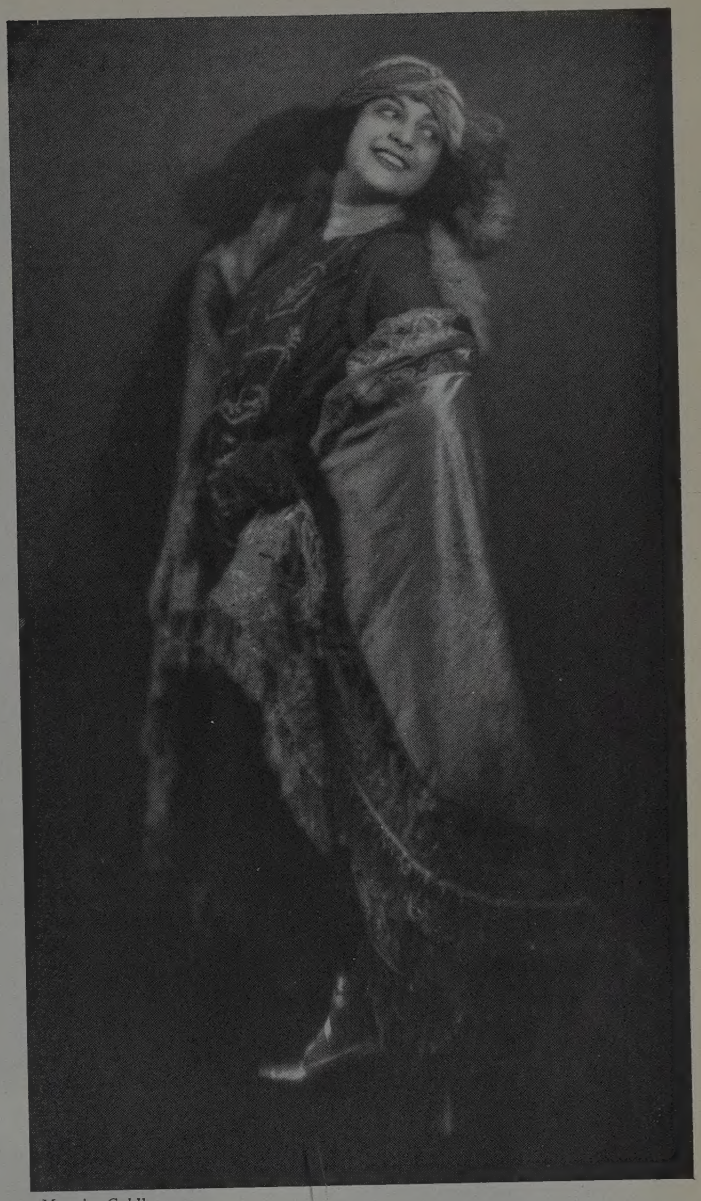
EVERY ONE wants a room to himself, every one wants a room with big windows, every one wants a room on the ground floor. And strangely enough, even more troublesome than the question of rooms is the list where the names of the company are posted and their assignments. This list is regarded as the official statement of each person's relative position in the company and there is the awful hour of jealousy. From the very moment this goes up all through the season, the stage manager is constantly beset by actors and actresses who want either their positions on the list or their rooms changed. But if the stage manager has given the matter careful attention and is sure of himself, he changes not, and the end of the season finds the company in the same rooms as where they started.

Another phase of his work that requires good judgment is the stage manager's assignment of understudies. These are from the lesser lights of the company and trained in parts of the principals practically as soon as the play has settled in a theatre. When "East Is West" settled down for a run at the Astor, Mr. Maxwell promptly began his selection of understudies and for the past month he has put them through their parts both morning and afternoon, incidentally trying out other actors who might be considered if more than one company were to go on the road next season. It has happened in productions that understudies could be drawn from persons only (*Concluded on page* 326)

(Right)

FAY MARBE

"The Velvet Lady" in the play of that name at the New Amsterdam, who sings and dances her way successfully through this popular musical comedy



Maurice Goldberg

Sarony

MARIE CARROLL

Who played the leading rôle—that of a petite and charming Grand Duchess—in the return engagement of "The Kiss Burglar," the musical piece which came back to Broadway for a short run. Miss Carroll is under the management of Chamberlain Brown

LUCILLE MANION

Who is under the exclusive management of Chamberlain Brown and opens in London in September in a new revue

THREE MUSICAL COMEDY MAIDS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Campbell

OLGA MISHKA

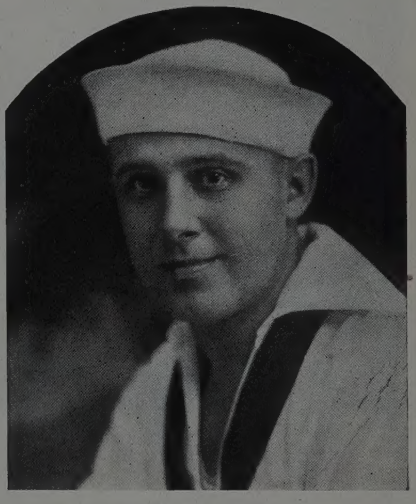
OLGA MISHKA, though a young person of most exotic appearance and atmosphere, is a Brooklyn girl. Her real name is Gladys Buckley. Her age is twenty years. She is the daughter of Dr. Thomas Buckley, a Chicago physician, who in her childhood was a famous pedestrian. Tom Buckley, the six-day walker was as famous in outdoor sports as was Geraldine Farrar's father, the baseball pitcher, "Sid." Miss Buckley's evolution into Olga Mishka occurred when, in the new home of the Buckleys, Chicago, she met Mishka, the Russian dancer, whose tutelage and name she quickly appropriated. She was a successful ballroom dancer well known on the vaudeville circuits before she captured Broadway's uncertain fancy as the dancer in "Tumble In"

WILLIAM LENOX
in "Penny Wise"

A BACHELOR, an ex-banker, and a Greenwich Village addict, is William Lennox, who plays John Willie Dobbin, who refuses to deport himself according to the etiquette prescribed for corpses in "Penny Wise." He made his début in "Wang." Stock and repertoire companies took his education in hand. Broadway saw him again as English Eddie in "Within the Law," Bunkie in "The Only Girl," and with Elsie Ferguson in "Shirley Kaye." He was the English comic butler in "Here Comes the Bride" and he was one of the Weelums in "Bunty Pulls the Strings"

ROBINSON NEWBOLD
in "The Royal Vagabond"

ROBINSON NEWBOLD is an English contribution to the stage by way of the Conservatory of Music at Baltimore. The tall comedian of quiet methods and certain effects in "The Royal Vagabond" was discovered by Samuel Forrest, the well-known stage director, while Mr. Newbold was singing Ko Ko in "The Mikado" at the Park Theatre



HUGH DILLMAN

HUGH DILLMAN is the focal point of hundreds of lorgnettes. There is a double reason for this concentrated attention. He has a wistful quality as the discouraged young man in "The Fortune Teller" that stirs the hearts of audiences. Moreover he had the rare fortune last month to win his star who is his mother in the play, Marjorie Rambeau, for his bride. Mr. Dillman had been a sailor and mine-sweeper in his country's service during the war. He is an Ohioan and has been on the stage for ten years, appearing in Broadway productions in support of Ethel Barrymore and Frances Starr

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

LIBERTY. "MOLIÈRE." Play in three acts by Philip Moeller. Produced on March 17 with this cast:

Baron	James P. Hagen
La Forest	Alice Gale
Armande Bejart	Estelle Winwood
Molière	Henry Miller
Colinge	Forrest Robinson
De Luzon	Frederick Roland
The King's Chamberlain,	Willard Barton
Louis XIV	Holbrook Blinn
Francoise, Marquise de Montespan,	Blanche Bates
La Fontaine	Sidney Herbert
Hercules	Frank Longacre
Giovanni Lulli	Paul Doucet
First Lady in Waiting	Elsie Frederic
Second Lady in Waiting,	Margery Card
A Lackey	William Robins
Claude Chapelle	Vincent Chambers
A Doctor	Wallace Roberts

PERHAPS Henry M. Trolloppe, Brander Matthews and Herbert Chatfield, Chatfield-Taylor, each of whom has written an exhaustive and illuminating biography of Molière, might find chronological transpositions and historical inaccuracies in the play which Phillip Moeller has written about the immortal French actor-playwright, and which Henry Miller is presenting at the Liberty. But to the great public they mean nothing. It, the public, is solely concerned in whether the author has made his historical protagonist the interesting feature of an entertaining story retailed with distinction, not power, and cumulative interest. This, I think, Mr. Moeller has very positively accomplished. This type of play is familiar to the student of the drama. It finds its happiest fields in the regions of the remoter past where picturesquesness of manners and costumes lend valuable aid in establishing motive and movement.

Molière is a capital figure for such treatment. As the intimate link which bound stage and Court in the Seventeenth Century, he presents fine opportunities for a story in which the details of theatrical life are so interwoven with the social and political intrigues which distinguish the reign of the Grand Monarque. Here, as the play begins, we find Molière at his crest. He is the favorite of his King, his plays are acclaimed by the *literati* and the people, his theatrical ventures are all profitable and he is happy in the love of his wife, Armande Béjart, the principal comedienne of his company. But Armande falls in love with De Luzon, a courtier. Mme. de Montespan, mistress of the King, like Potiphar's wife, ill-advisably places her affections where she shouldn't; like Joseph, Molière repulses her advances and the scorned woman shows him that Armande is frail, places him (Molière) in a false position with the King and generally topples him from his proud estate of prosperity and happiness.

The final act shows him a broken man. "Le Malade Imaginaire" is a success; Armande comes stealing back to the man she ever loved and the King is once more prepared to dispense his royal smile when death intervenes and carries off the pride and glory of the French stage.

In telling this story, Mr. Moeller, with real literary distinction and a sure regard for theatrical niceties of appeal, alternately presents his comedy and tragedy. The interest in the central figure is constantly cumulative, the moving drama of the second act is handled with accretive force and vigor, while for the finale there is a graceful suggestion of the pathos that comes of deserved but unrequited happiness.

Mr. Miller presents a striking figure as Molière and handles his trade at the close of the second act with all the skill of a finished actor. Charmingly beautiful to look at is Estelle Winwood as Armande, while Holbrook Blinn is the magnificent Louis. Alice Gale as La Forest, Molière's faithful cook to whom he reads his plays for critical judgment and Forrest Robinson, as an old and devoted colleague, were both happy.

As the Marquise de Montespan, Blanche Bates brought back all the glories of the romantic school by her dazzingly brilliant impersonation of the King's favorite. A sumptuous figure she made in her beautiful gowns which she wore as to the manner born.

The production was rich, handsome and artistic in all particulars.

BELMONT. "A BURGOMASTER OF BELGIUM." Play in three acts by Maurice Maeterlinck. Produced on March 24 with this cast:

Pierre	Claude Cooper
Floris	Master Alan Willey
Claus	Malcolm Moffat
Jean Gilson	Walter Kingsford
The Burgomaster	E. Lyall Swete
Firmin	Charles Cheltenham
Major, the Baron von Rochow,	Frank Royde
Herr Ober-Lieutenant Otto Hilmer,	Leonard Willey
Herr Ober-Lieutenant Karl von Schaunberg	Stuart King
Sergeant	Robert Whitehouse
Corporal	John Kensington
Isabelle	Irby Marshall
Doctor Van Cassel	Raymond Sovey
Jules	George Du Bois
Albert	Barry Macollum
Francois	Robert Whitehouse
Hercule	Walter Kingsford

OUT of the mass and mess of serious war plays that have deluged our stage since the great conflict began, the really big one was certain eventually to emerge. I think that it has nearly arrived in "A Burgomaster of Belgium," now on view at the Belmont.

Maeterlinck's tragedy shows the Belgian master in something like his true form. Not the pale wash of "The Betrothal," is here reflected, but the bigger burning lights that flashed out so brilliantly and illuminatingly in "Monna Vanna." A big subject is handled as a big subject should be approached; with a firm grasp of essentials, simplicity of treatment, freedom from the adventitious, avoidance of all theatrical artificiality and further conveyed in words so put together as to impart something akin to literary distinction.

German aggression and avidity for atrocity is here pictured with compelling skill and power. I insist that while horror piles up on horror each grows logically out of the premises. The terror and the blood are not the author's mere creations for the sake of augmenting the poignancy; they are documents, the documents of truth based upon historical verity.

The time is the first demonical sweep by the Huns across the Belgian frontier. The town of Stilemonde is occupied. Its mayor is a simple, genial, unsuspicious soul whose only interests are his people, his family, his flowers and his grapes. His son-in-law is a lieutenant in the invading army through whom he expects the town to escape from the vigors of invasion.

But a German lieutenant is shot, his superior officer, a brute, insists that an example shall be set and an old gardener is haled for sacrifice. But the Burgomaster refuses

to allow the innocent to suffer and so is ordered for execution in his stead. The son-in-law is ordered to command the firing squad. His wife threatens to kill herself if he complies—if he does not his Major will wreak vengeance on him and so in the final act, prior to the Burgomaster's martyrdom we have a scene—I thought just a trifle overextended—that fairly boils with the clash of opposing convictions and moving influences.

It was a careful and seriously purposed rendering which Mr. E. Lyall Swete and his associates gave, but it was far from inspired nor in many instances were the players, however earnest the intent, capable of bringing into perfect relief the tremendous insight and vigor of expression that the sheer profundity of the situations exacted Mr. Swete nicely reflected the general spirit of the title rôle and acted with dignity and gracious charm. The blood-thirsty Major was a real type as acted by Frank Royde and the wracked husband-lieutenant was pleasantly personated by Leonard Willey. Walter Kingsford as a Belgian refugee was convincingly emotional and two bits of character were deftly delineated by Malcolm Moffat and Claude Cooper.

SELWYN. "TUMBLE IN." Musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Harbach; music by Rudolf Friml. Produced on March 24 with this cast:

The Burglar	Johnny Ford
Helen	Helen Lyons
Jim Wilson	Herbert Corthell
Claire	Claire Nagle
Dallas Brown	Charles Ruggles
Kitty McNair	Edna Hibbard
Anne Wilson	Peggy O'Neil
Tom Harbison	Arthur Swanstone
Bella Knowles	Virginia Hammond
Aunt Selina	Zelda Sears
Flannigan	Fred Lennox
Nicholas	Ivan Strogoff
Olga	Olga Mishka

"TUMBLE IN" is neither of the aristocracy of musical shows nor of the proletariat; it is distinctly of the bourgeoisie. Bolshevik critics would delight in slaughtering it. I do not mean by this statement to ascribe to it the quality known slangily as "class," though it ought, properly enough, to enjoy a strong sense of middle class consciousness.

A good many of us remember Mary Roberts Rhinehart's and Avery Hopwood's "Seven Days," from which "Tumble In" has been devised, and thought it very funny in the olden days. But since the appearance of the original farce much flotsam and jetsam of its ilk have floated under theatrical bridges. The maiden aunt—the young householder's sole means of support—with a strong prejudice against liquor, race suicide, and divorce; the burglar hiding behind screens, under tables, and in the dumbwaiter; the fake spiritualistic phenomena; the house-party kept in fretful confinement by the police; the feigned wedlock with consequent embarrassment as to sleeping quarters—all these ingredients of "Seven Days" have seen service in the cause of farce so frequently of recent years that they no longer stimulate laughter as of old.

Otto Harbach has made a book and lyrics for "Tumble In." The book is eked out with the usual time-tried jests, and the lyrics are of the sort wherein "recipe" is made to rhyme with "necessity." The music by Rudolph Friml is altogether middling and so-so. "Limbo Land" seemed to have elements of popularity as a dance tune.

The burden of the comedy rests upon the shoulders of Peggy O'Neil, Herbert Corthell, and Charles Ruggles. Peggy O'Neil who, contrary to the rules, stepped from the legitimate to musical comedy, brings to the rôle of Anne Wilson, her qualities of comedienne with excellent results. In fact, the other performers might well benefit by watching her acting. She is an acquisition to musical comedy, particularly if she can improve her singing, or else not sing at all. Mr. Ruggles' performance left much to be desired. Claire Nagle, in an ingenue rôle, is pert and chipper; and you can always tell what she is singing about. The chorus is rather above the average in looks and, like the other women of the cast, charmingly and often gowned.

Quite the most fetching part of "Tumble In," however, is the agile and arduous dancing of Olga Mishka and Ivan Strogoff. And this notice would be incomplete without the information that the show includes a "chicken" song, a pajama scene, a fashion parade, and a number in which appeals and promises are somewhat embarrassingly made to the most centrally situated bald man in Row A. Also there are occasional "blue" lines and attempts at the shimmy.

FRENCH THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER. "LE MISANTHROPE."

I AM no would-be iconoclast, nor would I presume at this late day to temerously level a lance at the assumed position of Molière, and however much I may disagree with Romain Rolland in most of his conclusions, I do agree with several of his estimates of the output of the great French-actor-author-poet.

Let us accept Saint Beuve's dictum that Molière's great contribution was the capacity to invest comedy with the spirit of poesy. In "Le Misanthrope," which the French players at the Vieux Colombier recently revived, this attribute appears at its apogee. But I nevertheless hold that as an acting play, "Le Misanthrope" falls far behind some of its author's less ambitious efforts.

Its grace and strength lie in the smoothness and applicability of the verse. We can but vaguely sympathize with Alceste, who, disgusted with the shams and frivolities of society, nevertheless cannot control his passion for the frivolous, flirtatious and unfeeling Celimène. It is all interesting, all informing of the manners of the period, but still shallow both as to story and motive. It is perfect expression of a genre, not a compelling picture of depressed and tormented humanity.

The performance by Mr. Copeau and his associates was in keeping with the best traditions of the French stage. There was admirable diction, there was fine formality of manner, expressed in distinction of bearing and there was just that spirit of the *précieuse* that gives the true note to a period in which the artificiality of overpowering elegance reigned supreme. It was a production of fine artistic balance.

PUNCH AND JUDY. Yale University Dramatic Association, in four one-act plays. "THE AULIS DIFFICULTY," a burlesque by Maurice Baring. Presented with this cast:

Iphigenia	Andrew J. Fox, Jr.
Agamemnon	William Harris
Clytaemnestra	Donald Campbell, Jr.
Maid	John C. Borden
Calchas	Elbridge Stratton
Odysseus	George T. Achelis
Attendant	Albert C. Frost, Jr.

"NETTIE," a comedy by George Ade, with this cast:

Waiter	Alan B. Campbell
Mr. Donelsen	Malcolm Ross
Mr. Nichols	Oscar Fulton Davisson
Manager	Albert C. Frost, Jr.
Mr. Bates	John H. Hamline

"THE MURDERESS," a tragedy by Lord Dunsany with this cast:

Bill	W. Rice Brewster
Tom	Louis M. Loeb
Stranger	Alan B. Campbell

"BUNK," a Mellow-Drama by Henry Clapp Smith, with this cast:

George	Louis M. Loeb
Joe	William Harris
Prompter	Robert B. Fisher, Jr.

Mr. Waitingground	George T. Achelis
Gerald	Stanley Woodward
The Baron	William J. Carr
Miss Pringle	John Wiley

THE Yale Dramatic Club's week at the Punch and Judy recently was provocative of more or less odious comparisons. As to playlets, their burlesque on the ancient Greeks, "The Aulis Difficulty," by Maurice Baring, proved distinctly inferior to Philip Moeller's similar skit, "Helena's Husband," which was done at the Comedy a few seasons ago. And the take-off on melodrama, "Bunk," by Henry Clapp Smith, suffered greatly by contrast with "For Pity Sake," that extremely ludicrous little satire so long done in vaudeville by Charles Withers. Both pieces meant well, but got nowhere in particular and suffered from long stretches of dull dialogue.

As for the Dunsany piece, "The Murderers," which the collegians revealed to New York for the first time, it inevitably recalled this distinguished author's far abler shocker, "A Night at an Inn." "The Murderers" is a sordidly obvious trifle with a more or less unaccountable strangling for a final punch.

Bill's brother has been killed with a hammer, and Tom makes it extremely apparent that he is the guilty man. Bill would be glad to help the hangman do away with the uncaught slayer. But when a detective comes and worms a confession out of Tom, Bill abruptly joints the latter in promoting the demise of the representative of the law.

The rest of the bill was George Ade's "Nettie," which Holbrook Blinn's company used to do so charmingly at the Princess. It was quite badly acted except for the waiter as done by Alan B. Campbell, president of the club. Mr. Campbell shone, too, as the detective in "The Murderers" and was ably supported by W. Rice Brewster and Louis M. Loeb, as the two blokes. The director, Stuart Walker, indeed, got quite as good results for this Dunsany piece as he usually does with his professional company.

Other players who deserve mention are Andrew J. Fox, Jr. who, as Iphigenia, displayed a back to rouse the jealousy of a Kitty Gordon; and Albert C. Frost, Jr., who, though he had scarcely more than two lines to utter, said them so that you wished he might have had more.

The scenery, designed by Donald M. Campbell, Jr., was quite in the Robert Edmond Jones tradition. And the burlesque Greek-frieze antics of the Iphigenia group reflected credit—as did the acting of "The Murderers"—upon the direction. All play-goers should go at least once a year to see amateurs perform; it is a great aid to the appreciation of the work of professionals.

BROADHURST. "39 EAST." Comedy in three acts by Rachel Crothers. Produced on March 31 with this cast:

Evalina	Jessie Graham
Rosa	Gertrude Clemens
Count Gibitti	Luis Alberni
Washington	John Kirkpatrick
Timothy O'Brien	Victor Sutherland
Miss McMasters	Blanche Federici
Mrs. de Mailley	Alison Skipworth
Dr. Hubbard	Albert Carroll
Mrs. Smith	Lucia Moore
Saidee Clarence	Edith Gresham
Myrtle Clarence	Mildred Arden
Napoleon Gibbs	Henry Hull
Penelope Penn	Constance Binney
The Park Policeman	John Morris

DOES the universal mind, after great crises, mental physical or moral, broaden its point of view or is the reaction such as to demand only the most trivial? Purveyors of amusement both here and abroad have acted liberally on the latter assumption and as a consequence our some fifty prominent stages have been given over this season to a series of shows of the most commonplace character either farcical or redolent with sentimentality. Sentiment is the dominant note in the latest output from Rachel Crothers' indefatigable pen at the Broadhurst. It is the sentiment of glorious youth set forth in a boarding-house *milieu* which rises superior to the opposition of carping criticism and the temptations of a big city which assail the ingenuous and the innocent.

Nearly forty years ago there was produced at the Park Theatre, Twenty-second St., a farce by Leonard Grover called "Our Broadway House." Later Robson & Crane (the latter was the Col. M. T. Elevator of the original production) used it as a starring vehicle for a long time. The humors of a boarding house meal partaken of by the varied members of the household was its potent scene. Such an incident has been often dextrously employed by many subsequent dramatists. In the present occasion Miss Crothers has used a breakfast scene at "39 East"—, a typical boarding-house presided over by a dominant personality who prides herself on the genteel character of her house and "guests" for her opening act, through which medium her characters are all introduced and the very gentle story started on its way.

In her two latest plays Miss Crothers reverts to type, depending largely on her skill in drawing characters that will amuse even though they are literally independent of the main theme of the play. This serves an amusing purpose though it fail to measure up to the exacting standards of sound dramaturgy. It almost goes without saying that "39 East" is a graceful, entertaining trifle that will please a certain not too exacting portion of the theatre-going multitude, for in the accomplishment of its two leading rôles two personalities of gracious, youthful and alluring charm hold indisputable sway.

As Penelope Penn, a very young thing from the country who comes to the great metropolis to win fame and fortune that she may send her younger brothers to college, etc., and who by her very innocence foils the designing theatrical manager—she has had to resort to the chorus—and who finally wins a future in the refined infatuation of a fellow boarder with means, Constance Binney, a new addition to the stage, made a deep and abiding impression. In view of her limited experience it was quite remarkable the way she presented the varying shades of a character not entirely simple in its ingenuous psychology. Miss Binney with a further experience should with her youth, beauty and intelligence take a high place in the field of comedy.

Henry Hull as the boyish lover, the regeneration of whose devotion is vividly sketched, brings to his rôle the real breath of adolescence and a great nicety of effective comedy expression. A real picture from life is Alison Skipworth's contribution as the genteel landlady. The gushing widow from the South is also a capital characterization. Lucia Moore is its exponent, while other sketches of character expertly delineated are presented by Gertrude Clemens, Luis Alberni, Victor Sutherland, Blanche Federici, Edith Gresham, and Mildred Arden.

44TH STREET. "TAKE IT FROM ME." Musical play in a prologue and two acts. Book and lyrics by Will B. Johnstone, music by Will R. Anderson. Produced on March 31 with this cast:

Vernon Van Dyke	Fred Hillebrand
Barney	Charles Welsh Homer
Dick Roller	A. Douglas Leavitt
Gwendolyn Forsythe	Helen Raftery
Tom Eggett	Jack McGowan
Sheriff "Biff" Doyle	Jno. C. Lamont
Horace Turner	Harold Vizard
Ella Abbott	Alice Hills
Wilkins	Harry Burnham

Cyrus Crabb	William Balfour
Grace Gordon	Georgia Manatt
Queenie LaBelle	Vera Michelena
Miss Dewitt Butler	Dorothy Betts

TAKE it from me, "Take It From Me" is no mean show. Patronizing, not to say disparaging, first-night criticisms to the contrary notwithstanding, this hodge-podge of burlesque, foolishness, song, and dancing is for the most part decidedly intriguing.

The foolishness and the dancing are the important things in "Take It From Me." The song part of it is nothing to boast of; the lyrics are never startlingly novel, and the music is largely commonplace. But some of the dances are superlative, and there is a hard-working and generally successful half dozen of comedians. Moreover, there is Vera Michelena, who, as a screen vampire, displays a technique—not to mention form—that should make Theda Bara in very truth green-eyed with envy.

The plot is of the utmost incoherence and insignificance. It has something to do with a gilded youth who inherits a huge department store conditionally and who tries desperately to wreck it so that it will be valueless to the sanctimonious manager who seems destined to gain control of it. In the wrecking process he encourages good-looking shoplifters, equips his floorwalkers with roller skates, attires his saleswomen chiefly in lingerie, and appoints his spendthrift pals superintendent and director of efficiency, or "Soup" and "Fish," as they are most frequently designated.

Meanwhile, the movie queen uses the store as the back-ground for a thriller, at the same time industriously vamping "Soup," while "Fish" is left to the wiles of an angular but amorous spinster stenographer. The chief wrecker is saved from ruin by his private secretary, whom, of course, he falls in love with and ultimately weds.

The fun, naturally, is chiefly supplied by Jack McGowan, as the genial heir; A. Douglas Leavitt, as "Fish"; and Fred Hillebrand, as "Soup." All three are endowed with unusual capabilities for the type of fooling which carries an undercurrent of travesty. They are ably aided by Alice Hills, as the lovelorn spinster, and by Harry Burnham, who plays the octogenarian roller-skater with an utter carelessness of life or limb.

The best part of "Take It From Me" is contributed by the Gardiner trio, extremely agile, athletic, and skilled dancers. Their skating waltz is a technical triumph. Some vivid moments were also provided by the lithe, svelte, and thoroughly revealed Miss Michelena in a vampire dance-pantomime with the elongated and loose-jointed Mr. Hillebrand.

GREENWICH VILLAGE. "SHAKUNTALA." Drama in two parts by Kalidasa. Produced on April 8 with this cast:

First Hermit	Theodore Ducet
Stage Manager	Frank Conroy
Priyamvada	Ruth Boyd
King Dushyanta	Joseph Macauley
Charioteer	Harold Meltzer
Anasuya	Marjorie Deen
Shakuntala	Beatrice Prentice
Mathavya	Geoffrey Stein
Gautami	Grace Henderson
The Voice of Durvasas	Perry Norman
A Dancer	Joan Bliss
2nd Hermit Woman	Suzanne Sciamia
2nd Hermit	Mr. Deeter
Father Kanwa	Frank Conroy
Chamberlain	Perry Norman
1st Policeman	Otto Liveright
2nd Policeman	Mr. Deeter
A Fisherman	Edwin Strawbridge
Matali	Harold Meltzer

A LARGELY lyric and nearly narrative drama is "Shakuntala," which a Hindoo playwright turned out some time during the fifth century, and which the Greenwich Village Theatre produces for us in the twentieth. A floridly poetic rhapsody it is, this cloying tale of true love, with its slender plot and its highly ornamental dialogue.

A king there was who fell in love with a maiden who had been reared in piety by holy hermits. After much sighing, fasting, and wasting away he gave her his ring as a token and departed. Then arrived an aged person who, because the maiden did not promptly appear to welcome him, put a terrible curse on her.

As a result of this curse the king—one of the earliest of the theatre's victims of amnesia—lost all recollection of his young wife Shakuntala, whom he had married without witnesses and in a very simple fashion indeed. After a time the hermits led her to the palace; but the king—since they had no popular courses in mnemonics in those days—couldn't place the lady, and she had been unlucky enough to lose the ring. Rejected by her husband, she was carried up into the clouds by the goddess Khyva.

Meanwhile, a fisherman had found the ring inside of a carp. The bauble seemed to refresh the monarch's memory, and eventually the curse was lived down, so that a very pretty family reunion was available for the final curtain.

Chief credit in the production goes to Livingston Platt, who has designed the costumes and settings with exquisite taste. If Mr. Conroy had only called in the aid of Flo Ziegfeld when picking the women of the cast, the lovely series of Maxfield Parrish pictures would have been complete. There is also some pleasing incidental music by W. Franke Harling.

The acting is usually satisfactory. Joseph Macaulay makes an exceedingly gentle and lovelorn king. Beatrice Prentice is the heroine. Mr. Conroy, the gifted director, plays two minor rôles with distinction, as does also his co-laborer, Harold Meltzer. Such comic relief as the play includes is authoritatively presented by Geoffrey Stein, as the romantic monarch's more realistic friend. And there is a noteworthy bit of Nautch dancing interpolated by Miss Joan Bliss.

NORA BAYES. "COME ALONG." Musical comedy in two acts. Book by Bide Dudley. Music and lyrics by John L. Nelson. Produced on April 8 with this cast:

Major Barbara Benton	Regina Richards
Mess Sergt. Doolittle	Harry Tighe
Lieut. Frank Marshall	Charles Stanton
Sergt. Tom McManus	Paul Frawley
Pvt. Peanuts Barker	Allen Kearns
Madelon	Mlle. Marcelle Carroll
Mrs. Crosby	Ethel Du Fre Houston
Peggy Penny	Patsie De Forest
Mme. Juliet	Julia Kelety
Pvt. Jeff Scroggins	Billy Clark
Sergt. Chauncey Holmes	Dan Dawson

JUST another musical show is "Come Along," a rambling, insignificant story, told with music that lacks all distinction, by a set of characters who the fond authors doubtless hoped would be funny or interesting, but who rarely are.

The scene is Alsace, where—it appears—the American doughboy and the Salvation Army lass now reign supreme. One of the doughboys is a fat mess sergeant, another is a Jolsonian "African golf" expert, a third is a K. P. *à la* Irving Berlin, while the two officers most in evidence are rivals for the hand of Major Barbara—a very unshavian Major Barbara of the doughnut and the tambourine.

Into the story involving this aggregation has been introduced an extraordinary novelty in the construction of war tales:—the heroine goes to France as a ministering angel and promptly comes upon her wounded lover lying either on the field or in the hospital. For the life of me I can't think why some of our ingenious plotsters haven't thought of this charming coincidence before!

(*Concluded on page* 324)

"Tumble In" is one of the latest musical pieces to tumble into popularity. Based on the well-remembered farce, "Seven Days," it has a full share of musical comedy ingredients—clever dancing, catchy music and pretty girls. This is Claire Nagel, who plays an ingenue rôle, with some of the chorus

Herbert Corthell, Edna Hibbard, Charles Ruggles, Zelda Sears and Virginia Hammond—all principals in "Tumble In," at the Selwyn Theatre

(Left)

Henry Hull and Constance Binney as the youthful lovers in "39 East," an appealing story with an amusing background of boarding-house life, at the Broadhurst Theatre

Photos White

LINGERIE COMEDY AND PLAY OF SENTIMENT PLEASE BROADWAY

NAUGHTY PARTS IN NAUGHTY PLAYS

Playwrights supply enough embarrassment to destroy the modesty of a Circe

By HAZEL DAWN

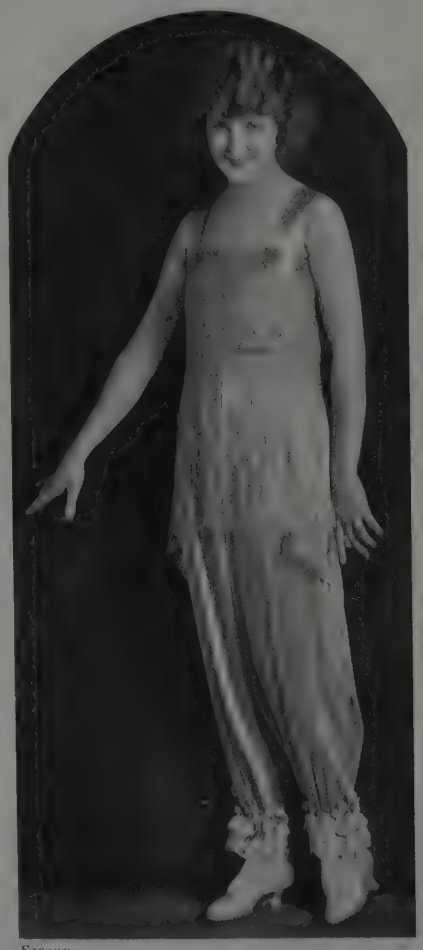
THERE is a technique, if you like to use the term, in playing naughty parts, that is as subtle and as old as the romance of Eden. It is the technique of being innocent on the stage. Most women understand it, most men do not. Some women are born to it, some achieve it, but I scarcely think it can be acquired without a real sense of humor. The technique of innocence is particularly useful in farce comedy, in naughty plays which depend upon an exaggeration of incidents created in a frivolous mood. It is difficult to be frivolous and discreet, to be conventional and frivolous. But, with a little technique of innocence the naughty part can be lifted into an appearance of conventional propriety. The point of a naughty line must not go beyond the lips. It should not be in the eyes, or in the mind. It must be articulate, that is all. Putting the naughty line over as if it were a nursery rhyme, with the innocent technique of an unsophisticated infant, is effective. Add to this, the baby stare, and if appropriate, the baby voice, and you have a naughty part played at its best. The audience is always delighted to observe that the actress is saying something that she appears to believe is perfectly innocent. She speaks tranquilly and the piquancy of it lies in the fact that the audience believes that they alone know what the line means, and they shout with laughter at her tranquillity of manner. If the actress spoke the lines of a naughty play with an obvious wink, the audience would resent it.

AUTHORS who write naughty lines usually supply enough embarrassment in the situation to destroy the modesty of a Circe, but the actress must conceal this fact as much as possible, because the audience is sure to enjoy the woman's embarrassment in the play.

If it were not for the skill of the actress the naughty play would be an impossible entertainment. Many of the plays with a suggestive plot have been made abroad. Some of them have lost a good deal of their flavor by translation. It is difficult to understand why they should. Why does French pastry, or Viennese pastry lose its flavor when made in America? The suggestive farce, or the naughty musical play depends very largely upon the situation, rather than upon lines when translated. Whether the English language is unadaptable to the graces of the French language is of course, the question, but the fact is clear that the lines of a naughty play are really not so witty, as they are naughty. They bring about situations, rather than invite them. A naughty situation in real life, I suppose is a surprise, in suggestive farce it is obviously planned.

For instance, the plot of "Up in Mabel's Room," hangs on a hook in my dressing room. It is a beautifully embroidered silk garment. One night it was missing, we had to hold the curtain for half an hour till we could replace the garment. I carry several in duplicate now, and they are really very pretty, and not at all naughty until they are projected into the naughty situation of the play. Although I am playing a naughty part, when I go to my dressing room to prepare for the crime I do so with a sentimental excuse of my own. I say to myself, "Now look here, you're getting a fine salary, you are contributing an artistic bit of work to your profession, it is not you who are naughty, it is the people who come to see you." As my days are spent out in the country, where I get my lungs full of fresh air, and my head cleared of cobwebs, I really come to the theatre in a very normal state of mind. I talk my lines in the naughty play without the slightest personal relation to them.

In "The Pink Lady," I was frankly that awful thing which is only spoken in French, a *cocotte*. I really don't know what sort of a woman she should be. The English language has not mentioned her, and the French laugh when they speak of her. No one in the audience seemed to realize what a thoroughly dangerous woman I was in "The Pink Lady." I didn't quite realize it myself, until it was pointed out to me by a very wicked man whom I met by chance. He insisted upon telling me how much he enjoyed my naughty performance. At first I was flattered, and then I began to think whether what he said was true. Of course, it wasn't at all. I just spoke the lines that were given to me, as if I were speaking them in the most ordinary tone under the most ordinary circumstances. The audiences merely recognized me as an actress they had seen before, and whose personality they did not associate with the plot of the piece. Having a personality of one's own in naughty plays, that is entirely different from the play's idea of a suggestive character, has been a great advantage.



Savony

Hazel Dawn in "Up in Mabel's Room"

But no situation can embarrass a woman who ignores its suggestive meaning. That is all I have done in the naughty parts I have played.

I must confess that the most amusing side of my work as an actress in naughty parts has been to observe with what strange naiveté the audiences accept them. It has been a source of some anxiety, sometimes, to know how a particularly racy line could be put over without embarrassing entaglements between myself and the audience. But it proved to be entirely unnecessary. The audience seemed to reach out for it, to beg me not to be embarrassed, to encourage me to give them more and more of the same sort. In the spirit of mischief I have obeyed.

There is a great deal in the way a thing is said and done on the stage in a suggestive farce. The moral is usually camouflage, but it is there. The problem of suggestive farce is how to sweeten the suggestion. It all depends upon how the lines are spoken. If the Sultan of Turkey, for instance, were to openly proclaim his own idea of morals, it would be shocking, but if a professor of sociology were to discuss them in a dignified, mild, and scientific term of academic innocence, it would be educational—and yet the morals would be the same.

THERE is a primrose path for the actress in naughty plays that is alluringly simple. Ignore the suggestive idea and you put the responsibility of moral delinquency upon the audience. They can see for themselves that the embarrassments of the plot does not embarrass you, because you do not recognize them. The plot may be a lady's garter, or as is the case in my present performance, an expensive but sequestered garment, but the actress need not appear to realize what they are to the audience. It is for the audience to see them, not for the actress.

The situations in the naughty play are not really so exaggerated. After all, sane and embarrassing things have happened in real life that are appropriate to naughty plays. They have always happened, even as far back as the 13th century, when a lady of rank lost her garter, the Countess of Salisbury, dancing with King Edward III of England, found herself in this predicament, much to her dismay. His Majesty, with a gallantry not generally recorded of ye early centuries, picked the dainty thing up, and seeing the amusement of his courtiers and the embarrassment of the lady, adjusted it to his own graceful knee, saying, "Shamed be he who evil thinks of it." The King's repartee founded the highest order of Knighthood in England. The Order of the Most Noble and Honorable Knights of the Garter. It was care-

From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

This dark-eyed, attractive young actress of French descent is rapidly coming to the front in the theatre. Broadway first admired her as the picturesque adventuress with Lou Tellegen in "Taking Chances." She was equally successful with Lola Fisher in "Be Calm, Camilla." As the artist's wife who retains her maiden name and consequently gets into all kinds of difficulties, she is responsible for a good deal of the fun in "A Sleepless Night"

less of the Countess, of course, or, did the courtiers suspect that the Countess planned the incident to intrigue the king? If so, then the garter was the plot, just as modern lingerie has been the dramatic impulse of many a story for the theatre. And yet, to what supreme dignity the lady's garter has lifted the gallantry of England.

Who knows to what extent the carelessness of actresses in naughty plays has inspired the gallantry of our American men?

I am not in the full bloom of that maturity when such an incident as losing one's garter would leave me calm and unabashed.

There are several kinds of girls in the world, but they are all alike in one degree. When they are young they bubble, and when they are pretty there are more bubbles, which they call coquetry. Coquetry is a woman's magic that no man really understands. Being a more or less stupid being with but one instinct to every woman's five instincts, when she bubbles, he suspects her of being naughty, when she is only mischievous. Of course she knows this, and she allows him to twine his imagination with the ribbons and frills she wears, while she keeps her heart quiet and her head cool.

It is all inherited from Eve. Of course, no one gives a fig for the romance of the Garden of Eden to-day because we have added clothes to culture in our ideas of modern Paradise, but Eve was only a mischievous young maid, and Adam an intolerable, stupid egoist. He should have known that long before she ate the apple, she was coquetting elsewhere. It just happened that the first thing she stumbled over in that mood of coquetry was the serpent. She didn't like the serpent, in fact she didn't care anything about him at all, but he was there, and he seemed to be susceptible.

To be sure she was driven out of Eden, but did she regret it? It was Adam who went wrong afterwards, not Eve, as far as we know. It is unfortunate that the daughters of Eve have always been under suspicion ever since. In the orchard of Time they have plucked a few apples and a great many lemons, but on the whole, they have shown a good deal more sense than the sons of Adam.

It may be that I am really young enough to enjoy the coquetry of naughty parts, while I ignore the situations in which the play involves me. Since my private opinion of a naughty play can have no weight, since I am only an actress, working faithfully at my profession, it has never occurred to me before that I could be associated only with the skill of naughty lines.

In that naughty play, "Up in Mabel's Room," Mabel is a mischievous, broad-minded, but perfectly natural girl of the bubbling sort. The delicate little silk slip she wears has been given to her by a sentimental shrimp of a man, the sort of man no girl takes seriously. In a burst of sentimentality he had the garment embroidered with his name and hers. The absurdity of it amuses Mabel, as it might, any intelligent, smart young woman. In pure fun she threatens to show it to the girl he has since married. It is all merely the amusing plan of a buoyant girl, to tease the young man. The complications that ensue are only naughty in the suggestions they involve. There is no real lapse of morals in the play, other than the brilliancy of naughty line.

In France, there is the double *entendre* that is not available in the English language, therefore, in translation the naughty line loses much of its wicked charm.

That, by the way, is the chief appeal of a naughty play—the wicked charm. With this acknowledgement I find myself confronted with the acquisition of possessing it. It is most unconsciously present in me, if at all, and has positively no relation to my real self. One's stage self is so often imposed, so rarely chosen by the actress herself, that I am not going to deny the charge entirely. Naughty plays must have a wicked charm, otherwise they would not involve lingerie or silk pajamas.

The first time I appeared in those silk pajamas I could hear the gasp of astonishment in the audience. And yet, they are really no worse than an evening gown of the ultra-modern sort. After all, between the dainty feminine pajamas and their décolletée gowns, there is a very subtle affinity. They have the wicked charm of a song without words. The simile applies equally well to the theme of this article. The naughty play is often as innocent as the décolletée gown, and the naughty line as harmless as the line of the silk pajamas. The main thing is to use them both on the stage, without self-consciousness.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

DeWolf Hopper is descended, on his mother's side, from the well-known Colonial family of DeWolf, and is allied by marriage with the Perrys, the Belmonts, the Tiffanys, and the Lawrences? And that the old DeWolf homestead, at Bristol, Rhode Island, was the rendezvous of wealth and fashion prior to the Revolutionary War, the family living in fine style, and entertaining elaborately?

Yvette Guilbert was the daughter of a Parisian merchant of wealth, but the fortune was suddenly swept away, so that, at the age of fifteen, Yvette became assistant to her mother in a little embroidery shop, after which she became a dressmaker, finally appearing as a singer at a concert hall, her *chansons* becoming the talk of Paris because of their daring and originality?

Robert Edeson was born in New Orleans, but was educated in Brooklyn, his father being a well-known comedian and stage manager, George R. Edeson, and that, after several seasons at the Empire Theatre, he was leading man with Maude Adams when she was introduced as a star in "The Little Minister," in 1897, attaining stardom on his own account in 1902 in "Soldiers of Fortune"?

Victor Herbert was born in Dublin, Ireland, the son of Edward and Fannie Lover Herbert, and grandson of Samuel Lover, the noted novelist, and that he was sent to Germany when he was seven years old to study music, becoming an expert performer on the violoncello, playing that instrument in the Court Orchestra at Stuttgart, and with other famous European organizations?

A few years ago Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo made a great hit in Australia? After Mrs. Niblo (Josephine Cohan) died, Mr. Niblo married Enid Bennett, an Australian actress now in Los Angeles acting for the screen. There is a Niblo child who claims George M. Cohan as an uncle.

Mrs. Howard Gould, remembered by theatregoers as Katharine Clemmons, has recently been active in behalf of the Votes for Women movement?

George Bernard Shaw and some friends once bombarded London papers with socialistic letters until he had convinced the conservative editors that the metropolis was seething with socialism?

Melodrama, the invention of which is attributed to Rousseau, was originally merely drama accentuated by music?

Mrs. Fiske was the daughter of Thomas Davey, a prominent theatrical manager in the South, and Elizabeth Maddern, a daughter of Richard Maddern, an English musician who came to America with a large family, and organized a traveling company composed of his own children, the assemblage being known as the Maddern Family?

Henrietta Crosman was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, her father, George H. Crosman, U. S. A., being stationed in that city, her mother, Mary B. Wick, being a member of a family well known in Ohio, one of the connections being Stephen C. Foster, composer of "My Old Kentucky Home," and other famous songs?

James K. Hackett inherited almost a million dollars from a niece with whom he was not on speaking terms? This niece, strange to relate, was considerably older than Mr. Hackett. The first Mrs. Hackett was Mary Mannering, who has since remarried and retired from the stage. The present Mrs. Hackett is Beatrice Beckley, now appearing in "Why Marry?"

Sam H. Harris, partner of George M. Cohan was born in the Bowery, New York, and was a breadwinner at the age of eleven, becoming, at the age of seventeen, the manager of a steam laundry, after which he directed the interests of Terry McGovern, the lightweight pugilist, with whom he was very successful, so that he was enabled to buy an interest in a burlesque show, "The Gay Morning Glories," in which McGovern was featured?

Rose Coghlan was the daughter of Francis Coghlan, publisher of Coghlan's *Continental Guides*, and friend of many noted people, including Charles Dickens.

Elisabeth Marbury, who has made a fortune as a play-agent, and more recently as a play-producer, has for the past twenty-five years shared a home with Elsie de Wolfe, who made a fortune first as an actress and later as an interior-decorator? Neither of these ladies has ever married.

William Gillette was the son of Francis Gillette, Senator from the State of Connecticut, and once a candidate for the Governorship, William being educated at Yale and Harvard Universities, and the Massachusetts Fine Arts Institute, making his stage début in 1875, while still an undergraduate at Yale?

The late Charles Klein left two brothers, both musicians, Herman, who lives in England, and Manuel, who lives in America? Another brother, now dead, was for many years a member of DeWolf Hopper's companies in the days of "Wang" and "Panjandrum."

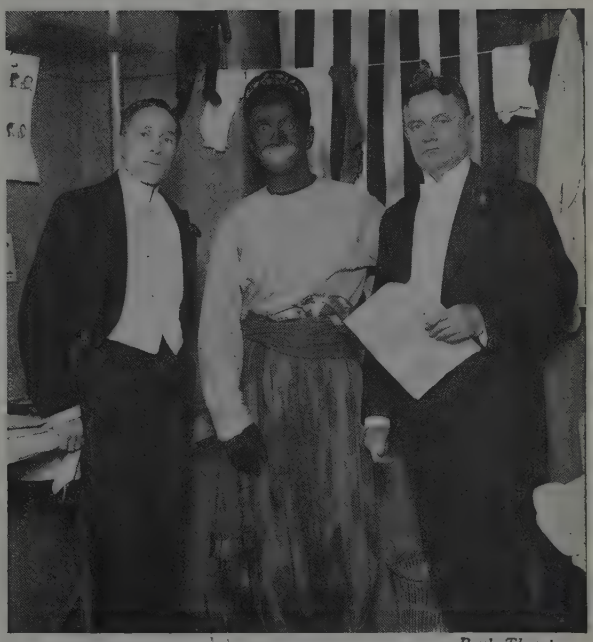
Bertram Peacock, of the Society of American Singers, was a baby basso, and his phenomenal voice made him famous as bass soloist of St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, at eleven years?

WE have known Mary Garden as opera singer, and moving picture star, but here she is in a new rôle—that of aeronaut. Known everywhere as a songbird she can now fittingly be called a bird of the air, for she has added flying to her many accomplishments. With her in the "Honeymoon Express" of the Dayton-Wright Company is Captain Ugo D'Annunzio

Ira L. Hill

MRS. INGERSOLL MINTON

Who, as the hostess at the Hotel Plaza, has given proof of her charm and popularity



Paul Thompson

PHILIP GIBBS, AL JOLSON, AND EX-GOVERNOR CHARLES S. WHITMAN

On the occasion of the auction at the 44th Street Theatre of the message to America by Lloyd George, for the benefit of the dependents of British Sailor and Soldier Journalists. The letter brought $2,500

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A rehearsal picture of the "Floradora" sextet who appeared for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. Charles Previn is the director, and the players (from left to right, lower row) Wilda Bennett, Patricia Collinge, Marjorie Wood, Francine Larrimore, Lina Abarbanell, and Helen Bolton. (Upper row) Carl Randall, Charles Cherry, Donald Brian, Frank Craven and Lionel Braham. De Wolf Hopper completed the sextet, but he was absent when this picture was taken

CURRENT THEATRICAL PERSONALITIES

THE DEADLY DULL CHORUS GIRL

Exhibition of feminine nudity boring to the spectator because individuality is suppressed

By LOUIS HIRSH

NO woes and lamentation from the intellectuals or the commonplace sensibles will serve to abolish the fact that the music-and-girl show has come to stay. The Ziegfeld Follies and Frolics and the creations at the Winter Garden have been labelled "American Institutions" and in this title there lies more truth than its inventors realize.

The lurid and shriekingly loud musical comedy with its show girls, extravagant costumes, jazzy comedians and frenzied dance music is a reflection of a certain phase of American life and character. There is something in the snappy piece of jazz music that naturally associates itself with a type of American men and women that is very general. Play a ragtime record in the depths of an African forest and the listener, if he has lived in America, will immediately be filled with thoughts of Broadway. Broadway, with its theatres, its cabarets, its fashionable hotels and restaurants, its crowds of pretty women and well-dressed men—all framed in brilliancy and light and creating an atmosphere as distinctive and personal in its way as the Persian rose-gardens of romantic lore and the Bohemia of Murger.

America has developed the music-and-girl show in a natural and honest way and in spite of the rubbing against the grain, it must be accepted, really and in good faith, as one of "America's Institutions."

Therefore, the good folk who heap vehement curses on the music-and-girl show labor at the disadvantage of attempting to change the unchangeable. But in yielding to the omnipotence of this type of entertainment there is no valid excuse for having to endure its needless vulgarities and ludicrousies. Take, for example this, and last season's, most successful musical show: "Sinbad." Have mortal eyes ever beheld a more silly and elephantine crowd of chorus girls as that show exhibits? A stageful of girls strut about with solid tread, clad in corsages and pink tights which reach to the border lines where curiosity ceases. There is no seeming purpose or design to their movements. The same result could be achieved by manipulating a set of wooden mannikins.

The constant exhibition of these girls with the fully developed calves, continually going through the same clumsy steps, continually singing in the same monotone is deadly boresome and is the reason why the majority of the audience—even the traveling salesmen and the cloak-and-suit buyers, the most faithful patrons of this class of entertainment, become heartily tired of the show forty-five minutes before the finale and would leave the theatre if it were not for the expectation of seeing a favorite comedian do a last stunt and for the mechanical wish of "seeing their money's worth."

Of course, after the audience reaches the street and tastes of an after-theatre meal, the show becomes "great" because the boredom has worn off and only the kernel of the show remains in the memory—the kernel in this case being a hazy mixture of half-clad girls, a joke or two and a catchy melody.

The flaw in the structure of the music-and-girl show is the conviction of its producers that all that the patrons of this entertainment desire to see, aside from the star comedian and a few principals, is the chorus girl. See her as a tailor sees a model: see her body, guzzle in her smile and be pleasantly surprised by every freak costume that tends to set off more voluptuously the lines of her figure. In truth, the spectator tires of the chorus girl long before the first act is over. For even in the first scene the producer has shown everything of her that can be shown and nothing more is left in reserve with which to sustain interest.

It is a stupid mistake to think that physical beauty is the only requirement of the chorus girl. The spectator expects—or would expect if he were not too lazy to give expression to his expectations—an individual performance of every member of the company. Instead of realizing this fundamental principle of theatrical art the producers manipulate the chorus girl as they would a piece of scenery. Individuality is dispensed with and from a company of pretty and thoroughly alive girls merely a series of idiotic swayings, wrigglings, kickings, and squirmings are obtained. (This is taking singing mercifully out of the question. The prefix "chorus" is a stage appellation and means nothing.)

Of insanity, no matter how alluringly set forth, one must quickly tire. Given personality the chorus girl would become an integral part of the show instead of the ornamental. No musical comedy producer has ever achieved the *furore* with a rag-dance number that the dancers of the Metropolitan Opera achieved in the "Dance In The Place Congo." The music to this ballet is based on old Creole melodies, many of which approach quite near to the modern rag and jazz music. One number in particular never fails to bring the audience to a point of the most thrilling enthusiasm. The music is the most fascinating shuffle that has ever been created, the stage is full of creoles in multi-colored (but sensible) costumes, everyone is dancing, shuffling, wriggling in his own individual way and the whole forms an unforgettable riot of gorgeous color and rhythm.

If the ballet masters of the Metropolitan had treated its dancers as the musical comedy directors treat their dancers the effect would have been one of the usual monotony. But the Metropolitan stage masters are artistically trained and they made each dancer express her individuality as she best could. One swung her hand this way, another that way. One swayed her body, another held herself with exaggerated stiffness. One held her hands on her hips, another twirled them around her head. It was a picture of numerous groups of individual dancers—all actuated and held together, not by a common guide string, but by the commanding rhythm.

The same effect is achieved by the Isadora Duncan Dancers—a group of dancers who excite the highest enthusiasm by concerted individualism. There is one unified plan for the group, but each dancer injects her own personality into the performance.

While it may be a far cry from the Metropolitan Opera ballet and the Isadora Duncan Dancers to the Winter Garden and Follies' chorus girls, the basic principles should be the same for both extremes. The dancer at the Metropolitan is no more clever than the experienced chorus girl at the Winter Garden. Allow the chorus girl of the Winter Garden to show fewer inches of tights and more personality and she will not only add to the quality of the show and make the musical comedy (or whatever name the music-and-girl show should be given), a tolerable institution, but will gain a new independence for herself. She will feel herself to be something more useful than the reason for the parquet bald-heads.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS

April 3—Arthur Byron.
Margaret Anglin.
Reginald de Koven.
April 7—Edward Knoblock.
April 8—Mary Pickford.
April 10—George Arliss.
April 12—Tim Murphy.
April 20—Louis Mann.
April 22—C. Haddon Chambers.
April 22—James T. Powers.
April 24—Cyril Maude.
Blanche Ring.
April 30—William H. Crane.
May 2—Tyrone Power.
May 3—Julia Arthur.
May 4—Abraham Erlanger.
May 13—Effie Shannon.
May 14—Hilda Spong.
May 21—Richard Bennett.
Mabel Taliaferro.
May 23—Douglas Fairbanks.
May 25—Marie Doro.
May 28—Robert Hilliard.
May 29—Virginia Harned.
Marc Klaw.
May 30—Charles B. Dillingham.
May 31—Hamilton Revelle.

Campbell

(Left)

MARY EATON

As graceful and pleasing as she is herself, is the toe-dance of this dainty miss in "The Royal Vagabond"

(Right)

PEGGY O'NEIL

Not Spanish as the comb might suggest, but Irish is this blue-eyed, dark-haired young player in the new musical piece, "Tumble In" at the Selwyn Theatre

Johnston

Hixon-Connelly

EVELYN VARDEN

In his revival of "The Honor of the Family," Otis Skinner is given excellent support by his leading woman

Fairchild

ZOLA TALMA

Who plays the vampire in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans" with seductive charm and a delightful French accent

AROUND BROADWAY'S MAYPOLE

THE ART OF "THE BETTER 'OLE"

A truthful picture of war from the fighting man's point of view

By CHARLES COBURN

I WILL confess frankly that the enormous success of "The Better 'Ole" has dumbfounded me. When Mrs. Coburn and I read the play in manuscript last May, we were both enthusiastic and saw its possibilities at once. We both figured that it would be a success—a substantial success—but never in our wildest dreams did we imagine that we would, within three months of its first production, be sending out four companies on the road. In fact, "The Better 'Ole" has been like Aladdin's wonderful lamp to us. It has made all our dreams come true.

If any one were to ask me the fundamental reason for the phenomenal success of this comedy, built upon the war cartoons of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, I should answer with the word *truth*. It is an uncompromising picture of the recent war, truthful in every detail and yet not morbid. Captain Bairnsfather served on every front during the great struggle and he knew that war was a grim and terrible business, but he also possessed the soul of the true artist and knew that realistic writing was quite different from sheer realism. So he gives us in "The Better 'Ole" a truthful picture of war from the point of view of the fighting man, and we all know that the fighting man's point of view was never morbid.

I once asked Captain Bairnsfather how he and Captain Arthur Eliot happened to write the play and he replied very frankly that he didn't know.

THE play just wrote itself," he replied. "It was a case of two minds with but a single thought and that was the portraying as nearly as possible of the lights and shadows in the romantic, mud-soaked life of 'Old Bill.'"

One New York critic pointed out the resemblance of "The Better 'Ole" to certain of Shakespeare's plays on account of its naiveté and utter simplicity. That is true, but many persons make the mistake of thinking that "The Better 'Ole" is amateurish, whereas the effects of simplicity that are achieved by the authors is deliberate. It is what some one has so well called the "art of concealing art." Life itself is full of seemingly meaningless episodes that appear at the time to be disconnected, but in the end they are all found to be a part of the eternal chain of circumstance. Thus it is with "The Better 'Ole." It has the artlessness and simplicity of life, but its episodes all fit into the general scheme like the puzzle cards that children put together to form a face.

Since Mrs. Coburn and I first presented "The Better 'Ole" at the Greenwich Village Theatre on the night of October 19, 1918, so many "Old Bills" have come to life that it has been suggested to us that we have an "Old Bill" reunion at the Cort Theatre at the end of the season, the guests of honor to be the various "Old Bills" who have been appearing throughout the country in the different companies.

White

Mr. Coburn, as Old Bill in "The Better 'Ole"

The first road company that we sent out, opened at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, on December 30th, with James K. Hackett playing the part of "Old Bill." On the evening of January 6th, the Boston company opened at the Hollis Street Theatre with Edmund Gurney as "Old Bill." The next "Old Bill" was Maclyn Arbuckle, who first acted the part at the Broad Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on January 20th. DeWolf Hopper, the fifth "Old Bill," appeared at the Illinois Theatre, Chicago, on the evening of February 24th.

Every day I get letters from soldiers who have been in active service in France and, almost without exception, they say they like "Old Bill" because he is not a *stage soldier*. There again you see what I meant by the worth *truth!* Captain Bairnsfather has drawn the character of the "Old Walrus" with the sure touch of genius, making him human and true to life. There are no false touches in this characterization of Bairnsfather's, and audiences greet "Old Bill" as if he were a friend of long standing. They seem to feel that they know him.

When I undertook to create this character on the stage I was confronted by a unique situation. Here was no hero of a popular novel; here was a man who was already as near a living, breathing personality as the magic pencil of Bairnsfather could make him. Men and women had looked at his rugged face and loved him long before the play was thought of. I felt that it was my duty to see to it that the fond illusions of these prospective playgoers in regard to "Old Bill" were not shattered by my representation.

It has always been the dream of Mrs. Coburn and myself to have a theatre of our own in New York, where we can produce plays of romantic and poetic value; plays of charm and beauty, rather than plays where the emphasis is placed on the morbid and unpleasant. We are working toward that dream now and hope to see it realized.

I FIRST met Mrs. Coburn when we were both members of a summer stock company in Knoxville, Tennessee, and we found that we had many things in common. One of these was a deep and reverent love for the theatre as a place where the great plays of tradition might be acted with intelligence and simplicity.

After that first season in stock together, Mrs. Coburn, who was then Ivah Wills, went with E. H. Sothern's company, but the following summer we were again members of the stock company in Knoxville and it was then that we began to dream of playing Shakespeare. Our opportunity, however, did not come until 1906, when we were offered the chance to play in an open-air performance of "As You Like It" on the grounds of the country club at Amsterdam, N. Y. We seized this chance eagerly and I played *Orlando* to Miss Wills' *Rosalind*. This was our first alfresco Shakespearean performance and it gave us the idea of organizing a company and giving other alfresco performances—an idea that eventually developed into the Coburn Players.

In that same year, 1906, Miss Wills and I were married in Baltimore and then we organized our open-air Shakesperean company and began to play summer engagements. In this

Bangs

Mr. and Mrs. Coburn as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth

Photos White

HENRY MILLER AS MOLIÈRE

Blanche Bates Estelle Winwood

Act 1. Armande, Molière's wife, complains to the king's mistress of her lonely life, and Mme. de Montespan arranges for a meeting between her and M. De Luzon in the garden

Henry Miller Blanche Bates Holbrook Blinn

Act 2. Louis XIV. denounces Molière, whereupon the playwright replies: "I am not writing for the King, but for the people of France."

Blanche Bates as Mme. de Montespan, a rôle which furnishes her with plenty of acting opportunities and which she plays with fine distinction

SCENES IN PHILIP MOELLER'S PLAY "MOLIÈRE" AT THE LIBERTY

first alfresco company were such well-known actors as Fuller Mellish, Royden Erlynne and Charles Kent. Up to date, we have given Shakesperean performances at ninety universities and colleges, thirty-five State normal schools and twenty-five other associations of an educational nature, besides having played the theatres in nearly every city and town east of the Rockies.

Many persons are under the impression that Mrs. Coburn and I made our New York début in "The Yellow Jacket," but this is erroneous. Strictly speaking, our New York début was made in "Electra" at the Hudson Theatre in 1911. Mrs. Coburn appeared in the title rôle and I played *Orestes*. We have appeared in the principal rôles in sixteen Shakesperean plays, and have also produced "Iphigenia in Tauris" and Percy MacKaye's plays, "Jeanne d' Arc" and "The Canterbury Pilgrims." During President Taft's administration, we produced "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It," on the White House lawn at night—the only night performance of this kind ever given there.

It was in 1915 that we recognized the possibilities of "The Yellow Jacket" for open-air performances. This beautiful play had, for some reason, been a failure in New York and we procured the rights to it. We then gave sixty-two alfresco performances of the play in various parts of the country. During the winter of 1915-1916 we booked tours of this play on the road and finally decided to attempt the hazardous experiment of bringing it back to New York and giving it another metropolitan trial. In this determination we were generously assisted by lovers of the drama who had always deplored the failure of the play.

It was in the winter of 1917 that we gave the first performance in this country of Molière's "The Imaginary Invalid." This play was very well received by the critics and it is our hope to revive it in the future, for we ultimately expect to carry out our original program which we announced before producing "The Better 'Ole." We stated in that announcement that we had leased the Greenwich Village Theatre "not for the purpose of reforming anything, but for the adequate acting of good plays—old or new, classic or popular—to audiences which prefer sense to sensation and view the stage as something more than a vehicle for vacuity."

That is still the goal of our ambitions—to present worth-while plays in a simple and unostentatious manner and in the spirit of the author's text. In other words, to subordinate our own personalities to the mood of the play in order that the audience may enjoy to the fullest the author's work. In this way, the drama will plead its own cause—get over its own message. At least, that is my opinion.

While I have usually been occupied with the business details of our various productions, Mrs. Coburn has looked after the historical and pictorial details. For many years she has made a close study of the art of the theatre in its relation to costuming, correct atmosphere and the pictorial effect of scenic pictures. For instance, in studying the characters of Shakespeare's men and women, she has always made it a point to familiarize herself with the characteristics of these men and women as great critics and painters have seen them. And, by her familiarity with this side of the work, she has made many suggestions that have been of the greatest practical value to us. We have been collaborators in the business end of our productions as well as in the acting.

WHY A COOK?

Frances Starr explains why Sally is the most important member of the household

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

BUT why," every one asks who sees Frances Starr in "Tiger! Tiger!" "did Edward Knoblock, the author of the play, make the heroine a cook? Why not a stenographer, a more popular subject, or why not a governess? There is something aristocratic sounding in that? Or why not a nurse? Men are always falling in love with nurses. But a cook!

"Now who, will you tell me, ever falls in love with a cook? Either she is so good she is forever demanding more money and threatening to quit when there is a dinner party on, or she is so poor that no one could eat one of her steaks without consigning her mentally to regions where the word 'love' is never spoken."

"He made her a cook," said Frances Starr, "because he is among the first of the playwrights and authors to see that the cook is the coming question and problem. Sally, with the scent of cabbage in her hair and her hands roughened by hard labor, but with a heart that is just as true and brave as that beating under the silk garments of her mistress; Sally, the cook, the friendless and despised because of her occupation, is the first of a long procession of cooks and household domestics who are getting ready to march through the pages of drama and fiction.

"Why? Not because the cook is the most important member (in her way) in the household: she has always been that. But because of her disappearance under the name of cook from all walks of life.

"'I'm a cook,' says Sally in the play, 'but what of it? I'm a good cook.'

"It was in 1918 when Sally first said that. In five years from now, she would say, 'I am a household assistant, and Clive, her lover, would regard her occupation with the respect that he would grant to that of a stenographer. For cooks and maids and servants are going out, and household assistants are coming in, and Mr. Knoblock in making a cook his heroine is the first to voice a protest against the social intolerance felt for that class of people. An intolerance that has made every servant in the United States walk out of the other woman's kitchen and seek employment in subways, in munition plants, in factories, and even as track walkers, rather than bear the stigma.

"The result is that housewives are left high and dry without a hand to help them. They must have the help; a woman with babies cannot be nurse, housemaid and cook and laundress; she must have assistance. To relieve her, and to bring back the army of girls and women who walked out, a number of women have evolved a scheme in which I, as Sally, the cook, am deeply interested.

"It consists in putting the home on a business basis. If 'Tiger! Tiger!' were written ten years later, Sally would not have to make it every Tuesday night after eight for meeting Clive. She would be employed on the same basis as a girl in an office; eight hours, pay for overtime, one and one-half days off every week; her room and meals away from the house where she works. My Sally, under those conditions, will not be wandering lonesomely around the streets at night; her calling will be so dignified that she will have friends among other women; clerks, stenographers, secretaries, etc., and the man who loves her will marry her.

"In that happy day, which is really here, for homes all over the country are being conducted on this basis, Sally will be more than cook. She will be trained to cook, or wash, or make a bed, wait on the table, or care for the baby. There will be no specialization then, and why should there be? The stenographer doesn't say 'I can't answer the telephone: I am here to answer letters.' Sally will not say, 'I cannot hold the baby; I am the cook.'

"The plan is to pay the girls the same as they are paid in offices. The result will be that Sally of the future will not wear the cheap, tawdry clothes I wear in playing the part. With more money and higher training, there will come greater opportunities and better taste. With my hands always clad in coarse white cotton gloves to conceal their roughness, and my restrictions as to hours off, and my bad taste in clothes, any one but a man in love would have known I was a cook. Clive would have guessed it at once; but, being a man and in love, he did not know it till I told him in the third act, and then he was shocked.

"There would be no shock if I had said, 'I am a household assistant,' now would there? The cook is a servant; we naturally abhor the word. To dignify household labor; to make life easier for the woman at the head of it, and pleasanter for the girl who does her work, the word has been cut out of every home dictionary.

"I am glad of it. I love Sally; I love her simple sense of honor; her quaint expressions and ways. I love her because she can cook cabbages well and win the love of a Member of Parliament in spite of her calling.

"Mr. Knoblock is a pioneer along new lines. Watch the drama and fiction of the future. You will find the heroines are among those who cook your steak, and they will be perfectly done; among those who put out a laundry, who nurse a sick child; among those, in brief, of what has been the humble walk of life, but which is humble no longer. The demands of the times, and the ambitions of a hundred thousand Sallies, are dignifying those who serve."

White

THE MORGAN DANCERS

In their dance concerning the Roman maiden in the time of Attila, the Hun. It tells the story of Attila who comes to Athens with his many wives and falls in love with a dancer. He is repulsed by her and in the end she kills him

Goldberg

Fairchild

QUNEE SMITH

One of the most graceful of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet dancers who is soon to appear on Broadway in a new musical comedy

ANDREAS PAVLEY

In the sensational costume he wore when he appeared with the Chicago Opera Company at the Lexington recently

White

ADELAIDE AND HUGHES

One of the hits of the new Winter Garden revue, "Monte Cristo, Jr." is the toy dance of these popular artists

ON WITH THE DANCE

THE CHARM OF AN ACCENT

Players who have won popularity on our stage despite unfamiliarity with the language

By HAROLD SETON

ON the stage, as in society, there is a decided charm to a foreign accent. At a reception or soirée an individual with a quaint intonation will appear distinctive, and in a comedy or tragedy an actor with an odd inflection will attract attention. "Distinguished foreigners" have always been popular in drawing-rooms and playhouses.

The immortal Shakespeare introduced innumerable "foreigners" into his masterpieces, Greeks, Romans, Frenchmen and Italians. The brilliant dramatists of the Restoration did likewise, and the playwrights of our own time have been particularly partial to strangers from strange lands. The inhabitants of the four corners of the earth have been impersonated for the edification of satiated audiences.

We, of this generation, can readily recall the popularity of such thespians as Fanny Janauschek, Helena Modjeska, and Alessandro Salvini, artists who would have impressed us favorably by their histrionic ability and general intelligence, but who gained an additional glamor by their curious pronunciation.

Madame Janauschek came from Bohemia. She first acted in America in 1867, speaking the German language. Returning in 1873, having in the meantime learned to speak English, she appeared as Lady Macbeth, and other tragic characters. Her reception was most cordial. Her fame increased, and she toured Europe and Australia.

RETURNING to America, she became a permanent favorite, among her notable achievements being an interpretation of Meg Merrilies. One of her last appearances was in 1895 as Mother Rosenbaum in "The Great Diamond Robbery," in which the honors were shared with Blanche Walsh. In this rather tawdry melodrama Madame Janauschek retained much of her power and all of her accent.

Madame Modjeska was of Polish origin. In 1877 she first acted in America, appearing as Adrienne Lecouvreur in San Francisco. Her success was instantaneous, and soon afterwards she gained new triumphs in the same rôle in New York. In 1880 she made her London début in Camille. In 1889 and 1890 she starred with Edwin Booth, being hailed as a genius. She ran the gamut of Shakespearian heroines, from Rosalind to Ophelia, Viola to Imogen, Cleopatra to Lady Macbeth. Instead of her quaint pronunciation detracting from the effectiveness of her renditions, it rather added to the witchery of her performance. In 1905 she was tendered a benefit in New York, after which she retired from the stage.

Tommaso Salvini, the son of an actor and an actress, was born in Milan, in 1829, and in 1847 joined the company of Adelaide Ristori. He developed considerable ability as a stage-player, and, attaining fame and fortune in his native land, sighed for new worlds to conquer, so made five visits to America, the first in 1873, and the last in 1889. In 1886 he played Othello to the Iago of Edwin Booth, and also appeared as Macbeth and King Lear. He never mastered the English language, and only acted in Italian, although the company supporting him spoke English. This was, of course, an absurd incongruity.

Alessandro Salvini, the son of Tommaso, was born in Rome in 1861, was educated in Florence, and came to America in 1881, where, after learning our language, he acted with Clara Morris and Margaret Mather. He gained considerable popularity, one of his great successes being the rôle of D'Artagnan in "The Three Guardsmen." He was typically Italian in appearance and manner, and his accent was pronounced and delightful.

AT this time it became the fashion in England, and therefore in America, where the theatrical productions were for the most part supplied from London, to let the "villain" be a "foreigner," such rôles being spoken with an accent.

Bertha Kalich and Alla Nazimova have both attained success, on the stage and in the moving pictures. These actresses specialize in emotional rôles, for which they are admirably adapted, physically and mentally. There is something curiously "foreign" about their types of beauty, their vocal inflections. It would be as absurd to expect Madame Kalich and Madame Nazimova to acquire the accent of Mrs. Kendal or Mary Moore as to acquire the disposition of these estimable but unemotional British matrons.

The attractiveness of Anna Held was as largely based upon her French pronunciation as upon her French deportment. Had she sung *"Won't You Come and Play Wiz Me"* and *"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave"* without an accent, she would have been received without applause. So, likewise, Yvette Guilbert and Irene Bordoni came, and saw, and conquered because of their Gallic point of view and Gallic mode of expression.

Guilbert has now turned from risqué *chansons* to poetic legends, and Bordoni has now turned from musical revues to farce comedy, but they still retain their Parisian articulation.

THE late Maurice Farkoa was born in Smyrna, his father being French and his mother English. In 1895 he made a hit in a musical comedy, "An Artist's Model," produced at Daly's Theatre in London, and subsequently brought to New York. After that, and up to the time of his death, a few years ago, he was immensely popular as a singer of love songs, with a French accent. Henri Leoni has also succeeded, along similar lines.

A generation ago no comic opera was complete without an excitable Frenchman or Italian, always on the alert to fight a duel. In this country such rôles were generally assigned to Henry Bergman or Joseph Herbert. Bergman has since died, and Herbert is now in the movies. Then came George Beban, who played all sorts of parts, but finally specialized in poor Italians, becoming a headliner in vaudeville, and a star in the cinema. He used "The Sign of the Rose" first as a recitation, then as a one-act sketch, next as a three-act play, and finally as a feature-film, the Italian accent being retained in the various inserted captions.

Fay Bainter is a pretty and pleasant little actress, and it looks as though she is to be permanently labeled with an accent. She made a hit as a Japanese girl in "The Willow Tree," and has repeated the experience as a Chinese girl in "East Is West," both rôles being played with an Oriental costume and an Oriental accent.

Matheson Lang had a long run in London with "Mr. Wu," but Walker Whiteside had a dismal failure with the same piece in New York. Those of us who saw both actors in this rôle are inclined to think the explanation lies in the fact that Mr. Lang's accent was realistically Celestial, while Mr. Whiteside's accent was nothing in particular. Mr. Whiteside's inflections, however, were appropriately Hebraic in "The Melting Pot" and in "The Little Brother."

WHEN it comes to accents, there is no actor on the stage with a more bewitching accent than Leo Ditrichstein. With him the accent is always an integral part of the interpretation, an indispensable part of the performance. It is never dragged in. It could not be left out.

So much for accents as accents, genuine accents, delightful embellishments. But, when it comes to the silly affectations, the wilful mispronunciations, of Olga Nethersole, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Julia Neilson, the outcome of unbridled vanity and theatrical trickery—that, as Rudyard Kipling puts it, is another story!

That Olga Nethersole, English-born and English-bred, should play "Sapho" and "Camille" with an accent is excusable, but that she should play "Mrs. Tanqueray" and "Mary Magdalene" with the same accent is inexcusable. That Mrs. Campbell should speak broken English in "Hedda Gabler" and "Pelleas and Melisande" could be overlooked, but that she should employ the same jargon in "The School for Scandal" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" is beyond pardon. And, as for the English-born and English-bred Julia Neilson, England has long since become accustomed to the lingual eccentricities of this particular offender against the canons of orthoepy, enjoying the sight if not the sound of Rosalind or Nell Gwynn, but America, in 1910, was surprised and shocked by these extraordinary lapses in "Henry of Navarre" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

In conclusion, let me quote the story of the French actor who was dismissed from a London theatre because his foreign accent interferred with a comprehension of his rôle. "But," protested the player, "It is not ze *accent!* It is ze *feeling!* Who would notice my *accent* when I say ze lines, 'All is ovaire between us! I can only find *peas* in ze *gravy!*'"

AFTER twenty years' absence in Paris, Mis' Nelly, once the belle of New Orleans, returns home to prevent her niece's marriage to the son of her former sweetheart. Armed with a lace cap, cane, and smelling salts she makes her appearance as an "old lady" spinster who demands attention and respect

Photos Charlotte Fairchild

It is the night of the Mardi Gras and Mis' Nelly, to the surprise of all, presents herself in the costume she wore on the eventful night twenty years before when she broke her engagement to Georges Durand

MRS. FISKE CHARMS BROADWAY AS "MIS' NELLY OF N'ORLEANS"

WHEN THERE WERE MATINÉE IDOLS

Popularity of the screen hero causes one of the most romantic figures of the stage to disappear

By CHARLES CHERRY

IDOLATRY of any kind is not for the ordinary mortal, certainly not in these overtaxed times, so, upon being told that I was once a matinée idol, I have been forced to look back over my left shoulder, (being superstitious), to see what sort of an idol I have been.

Did you ever try, when you have reached the "roaring forties," as the skippers call that place, midway from coast to coast, to look back at yourself? Those first years of adventure may seem only foolishly related to you especially if you have reached a definite longitude of wisdom and latitude of discretion. It doesn't matter of course, if you haven't looked back, some never do, but many of us with artistic encumbrances insist upon retaining the foolish flavor of our first adventure.

As I look over my shoulder, so to speak, at the days when some actors were obviously the unconscious idols of unknown admirers, especially at matinées it seems, there is a curious tinge of regret, surprise, wonder as to when the idolatry ceased and why?

When it ceased is almost as hard to believe as why it ever was—and yet, we were really matinée idols not so long ago. In the course of time the hour comes when we must unmask, and in the theatre where the masquerade is so very real to us, we are slow to obey the rules of the years. There is an obstinacy about this business of playing the romantic lovers on the stage, that sticks. An actor is reluctant to slip into the autumnal splendor of his life, for fear that it may be a chilly autumn.

OF course it is all a silly piece of vanity, because when is a man not a romantic lover of some sort? The only things that stop the actor from romantic parts are bad plays, new managers, and a new generation of theatregoers. It was Sir Henry Irving, I think, who said that no man could play Romeo effectively until he was fifty. Oh, yes, don't laugh, there's a lot of truth in that. If you don't believe it ask any man of fifty. He will tell you the same thing.

There are parts I have played much better than I could have played them in those early years when some actors were the willing symbol of an idolatry peculiar to the fluttering hearts of adorable young women, to say nothing of other feminine hearts that should have been steadier. If I look at some of the photographs taken of me then, in those days when plays were romantic and tender, when love scenes were exquisitely reserved, when the rapid pulse of passion was but faintly suggested, I remember how some of them were autographed for young women I never saw and I realize that there was some excuse for the matinée idol. There is a reason to remember him, because he is a link with that more respectful period when the American stage was a place of stimulating emotions instead of a radical platform of sex that it has become.

The Saturday matinée used to be as necessary to the life of a school girl as her box of candy, her weekly shampoo, or her serial story. With the matinée, of course, went her favorite actor. There were a number of them and yet it seems to me scarcely enough to go around.

In my day there were Henry Miller, William Faversham, E. H. Sothern, Harry Woodruff, Edward Morgan, Herbert Kelcey, James K. Hackett, Kyrle Bellew, Frank Worthing, all snared unconsciously into the secret idolatry of unknown worshippers.

THERE were many others whose names are as dear to the memory of that period when the stage was as stimulating to the refinements of life as it is now indifferent to them. As we read over their names we can easily understand why they were idols. All we have to do is to yield to the forgotten impulse of romance, to recall the thrills of simpler plays in which these idols gave themselves the airs of chivalry and heroism.

No doubt there are many admirers of Henry Miller who recall the tenderness of his voice, the radiance of his smile, the delightful modesty of his manner in a love scene, and have been obliged to realize that stage idols are for the eyes of youth only. But we must not lose them on that account as we seem to have done in the modern theatre, because we need their inspiration. There were special audiences containing the secret worshippers of the matinée idol. They seem to have disappeared.

What has become for instance of those audiences who enjoyed seeing James K. Hackett defy the villain at the sword's point that he might rescue the lady in that distant, respectful fashion of the stagy strong, in the reserved, irreproachable manner of a matinée idol? What has happened to the young girls who were transported into a silent dream of romantic hope when William Faversham, in his quiet, restrained, so gentlemanly manner, performed some supreme act of sacrifice for defense of the lady's honor? Why, for instance did E. H. Sothern, he of the soft voice and dreamy eyes, so far forget his obligations to his matinée admirers as to neglect the poetic appeal of romantic drama for the serious intellectuality of Shakespeare?

WHAT has become of the fluffy, fluttering femininity that was thrilled by the blonde intensity of Harry Woodruff? Where are the romantic girls who were stirred by the repressed sincerity of Edward Morgan, he with the electric voice that drilled holes into the most hardened of hearts? Where are the girls of yesterday who regarded with reverence and silent awe the delightful drawing-room drawl of Herbert Kelcey? Where are the admirers of that greatest of all romantic idols of our generation, the late Kyrle Bellew, and what of the lingering affection of the matinée girls for that fascinating voice of Frank Worthing?

Their identities were distinct keynotes of the theatregoers of twenty years ago. Their charm has not been sustained on the modern stage. The idolatry that they inspired has been destroyed by the actor of new adventures, the movie actor. He has entirely replaced the matinée idol, immensely enlarged his zone of romantic influence, and created a state of idolatry quite inexplicable to any previous human psychology. The movie idol receives letters of admiration from all over the world. He is obliged to have his photographs printed by the thousands and the corporation that exploits his idolized presence to the public, employs special assistants to autograph these pictures. All the pleasant intimacy of this form of romanticism between actor and audience has disappeared. Perhaps the same kind of girls who used to worship the matinée idols, are paying their devotions in the moving picture theatres, but one is tempted to question whether they are the true progeny of a past idolatry.

I SUPPOSE the fact is that we have passed from the poetry or feeling to the realism of feeling, yet I think there is a fine distinction between the two. There is a difference in the form of idolatry also.

The matinée idol in the personalities I have chosen off-hand, was a supremely fine artist. It would be impossible for him to disappoint the highest possible ideals of his idolators. Those who worshipped him did so in perfect safety. They knew that he would respond to their idealism impersonally. They knew that he could never make the mistake of offending their best instincts of good manners and good morals. What they saw of him was when he was at his best, and what they may have heard of him sustained that impression. Of course he was handsome, otherwise he would not have been a matinée idol, but it was not the profile beauty of the stage photographs that gave him his distinction, it was something far more tangible than mere photography. Pictorially the matinée idol was the most desirable of men, but those audiences of the Saturday matinée of twenty years ago were discriminating in spite of their romantic emotions. No matinée idol could pull his trousers up at the knees when he sat down to take the hand of the lady in the case, and retain his coveted place. They were not heroes of the creased trousers, nor were they heroes of the Western hills, nor were they exaggerated heroes of any sort. The matinée idols of whom we are thinking were, in their way, models of artistic technique. There was a breed in them that one felt was not acting, and there was a pride in their work that had nothing to do with their salaries. They were just a fine class of men devoted to a high class of work and naturally they were to be admired. As they grew older they lost nothing of their charm, but they preferred plays that were confusing to those girls of yesterday, and that were uninteresting often to the girls of to-day. In the long procession of those girls of yesterday who idolized these matinée idols, I am sure there remains with them the utmost pleasure of recollection, when the actors were more romantic than they are now, and when they themselves had more illusion Saturday afternoons than they have now.

Plays of the romantic nature are not being produced, even if they are being written at all. I don't know why, unless it is that the stage lacks a new generation of that particular class

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LUCILLE CAVANAGH

Who continues to be one of vaudeville's most popular idols of the dance

Johnston

GRETCHEN EASTMAN

A new treat for vaudeville is this young artist in a "Song and Dance Surprise"

Hixon-Connelly

HARRIET REMPEL

Seen recently at the Palace in Tom Barry's playlet "Tarrytown"

Campbell

LOIS LEIGH

This graceful young dancer is supporting George White in a new act

VAUDEVILLE HAS ITS SHARE OF PRETTY GIRLS

of men who created a vogue for the matinéed idol. There are no matinée idols now, they are all in the movies. One draws conclusions from this statement that are not flattering, perhaps, but neither is it flattering to the theatre to feel that audiences no longer approach the play or the actors with the same expectation of a romantic experience as they used to. The matinée idol was not addicted to melodrama, and his audiences did not expect him to show such a tendency. Some of the picturesque romantic plays in which he appeared, were essentially melodrama, but they were set so far back in the period of costume and poetry that the melodrama was not imposed. Everything has changed since then. The girls themselves have changed, because they seem to sit quietly back in their seats in the theatre enjoying the most savage and brutal scenes that can possibly be imagined by an ambitious playright. They come to the theatre wearing their best clothes, to watch a scene in a bedroom that nothing would induce them to look at anywhere else. They seem to have a thirst for blood, crowding the theatres where murder is realistically performed, where crooks abound, and where sex prevails.

I am no critic, but in the name of those matinée idols to whom I once belonged I can only voice my regret that the girl of yesterday has become the mother of such strange young women. Admitting that the matinée idol of twenty years ago may be a little weather-beaten, and scarcely deserving of the idolatry he once received, he seems to retain to-day a distinct preference for his former identity. Those who remember him in his early days see him through the roseate glasses of their own remembrances. Of course, many of the parts he played then he could not play now. The illusions of the theatre cannot hide the passing of the years, but some of the matinée idols of twenty years ago are still enjoying an idolatry that they find satisfying. For instance, for some years I have had a mysterious correspondent who writes me the most valuable criticisms of my performances. I assume from the handwriting of these letters that they are from a lady. I look for them eagerly because they contain advice that I follow strictly. I have never known who the writer is, I have never been able to trace the source of these letters, but I value them more than many of the flattering communications I receive from unknown admirers when I, too, was a matinée idol.

There will be no more matinée idols because the whole character of modern romance has changed. There is no idolatry left in art, there is only compensation in the work itself.

The actors who were matinée idols, no doubt recall the idolatry lavished upon them as a distinguished part of their artistic careers. The flattery of it was entirely impersonal. It was merely a proof that they were working successfully at their profession, and that the ideals of the theatre which they were interpreting, were being understood. I don't think they invented the title of matinée idol with any expectation of other consideration. It was really invented for them by the publicity agents, and it reacted upon them most pleasantly.

The matinée idol was a creation of a time when the American stage had the truer forms of theatrical art; when the stage was definitely committed to the elements of romance. As I recall the plays of that time they were not intended to test the nerves or inspire the discussion of problems by the people who went to see them. They were stories of men and women who believed in the romance of reserve, not in the violence of romance. I can scarcely remember a love scene in which I had to jeopardize the average manners of average decency. There was nothing in the lines that violated the standards of good breeding. No actor would have thought of choking a woman on the stage, or threatening to hit her over the head with a champagne bottle, of discussing the propriety of eugenics or birth control with her. Romance had not been brutalized on the stage by what is called realism or frankness.

There were things said and done then as now in real life that were forbidden on the stage. In this respect the plays never tarnished to the romantic glitter of the matinée idols, and they themselves would have been the first to resent the process of modern disillusion. So far as my own impressions are concerned, the admiration the matinée idol received, from his unknown admirers, was an impersonal influence. The notes we found at the stage door were graceful, timid enthusiasms. They were flattering because they were testimony of the success we were having in our professional effort to interpret the romantic fancy, to stimulate interest in the play.

They were called mash notes by some. The description may have been well chosen but, if they were, that and nothing more, they failed to interest the matinée idol. Actors like other men of ordinary instincts and attachments, have unwritten laws of their own. I can faithfully say that I do not recall any letter received at the stage door during that period of my career, that suggested anything but the eager curiosity of a young girl to express herself sentimentally towards a man she had seen in a play. The man himself, the actor-man, did not seem to be in the letters at all. It was the romantic appeal of the play that had compelled the girl to reach out and touch the hero—impersonally. Those little notes addressed to the matinée idols of twenty years ago were the romantic whispering voices of the girls of yesterday who were just beginning their tender adventures, and who have long since had them, no doubt.

It was customary to answer these notes in the most formal manner, usually by sending an autograph, sometimes a picture in the character make-up, or, in case there was an over-zealous tone that indicated a dangerous, stage-struck mood, a line or two of advice. It is pardonable to admit that they were very pleasing to us, those discreet, stage door messages of approbation. Some of us will always miss them, for they are no more. Sometimes I can hardly believe that the girls who wrote them never go to the theatre now. They too must miss the romantic types of their early enthusiasms for the stage.

To be sure, these matinée idols, many of them, are still acting with less of the romantic quality naturally, because the plays are so different. But the actors, themselves, are only changed outwardly. Today, instead of being matinée idols, many of them are famous stars. Their acting is better, if anything, than it was, they have gained much in their stage identities. They are no longer matinée idols because the girls have changed.

Girls no longer go to the theatre on Saturday afternoons only; they go every afternoon. They are satiated with theatricals. The latest play to be produced announces a new thrill, a new shock, a more daring scene than any other. The girls go to see it, and after the show they say to themselves, "Well, after all, it is life." And the actors are as numerous and as various in their types as there are people in the audience.

When I say the theatre has lost something valuable in the matinée idol, I mean that it has lost a romantic figure. Not so true a type perhaps, as one finds in modern plays, but a much better type for the purposes of the theatre.

Some of us still believe that the theatre should have some purpose more definite than merely to photograph cynical laughter, vice, or unrestrained emotion. It should have the purpose that made the matinée idol possible—the sweet substance of true romance.

SOME THINGS I'VE YET TO SEE

By WILLIAM ALBERT CURTIS

A Cohan third act in which some one did not get rich.

A chorus girl enjoying a quiet hour with Montaigne.

George Bernard Shaw at popular prices.

Julia Sanderson playing Great Falls, Montana.

John Galsworthy in a frivolous mood.

An S. R. O. sign at the Century.

A Winter Garden show without good lines—on the runway.

Vaudevillians fighting for a chance to "open" the show.

Ruth Chatterton accepting a play in which she did not marry a wealthy bachelor.

Paderewski with a four inch hair cut.

Owen Davis in a subdued mood.

George Jean Nathan chortling with delight at a domestic comedy.

Al Jolson closing a show in black face.

A Willard Mack drama without a regular villain.

An Augustus Thomas drama without a touch of Emerson.

A time when Mrs. Fiske didn't leave most of her lines to the imagination.

A man who had to guess at the lines of Kay Laurell.

A K. and E. chorus without a blonde.

Photo White

Fred Hillebrand as "Soup" and Vera Michelena as the movie queen who "vamps" him, in the new musical comedy "Take It From Me" at the 44th Street Theatre. Together they do a vampire dance pantomime that is one of the hits of the show

White

E. Lyall Swete and Irby Marshall in Maeterlinck's gripping war play "A Burgomaster of Belgium" at the Belmont

Photo Livingston Platt

(Right)

Ruth Boyd, Beatrice Prentice and Marjorie Deen in "Shakuntala," the picturesque Hindoo love drama now being given at matinée performances at the Greenwich Village Theatre

NEW YORK RUNS THE GAMUT IN PLAYS

ME AND THE OSHUN AND BILLIE BURKE

(With apologies to the author of "Deer Mable")

By LESLIE CURTIS

Pom Beech, march 15

deer Editer of the theayter Magazeen:—

Yure offis boy toald me onct that the way to be a riter was to rite something, so i'm doin it. he said it dozzent take much branes to be a riter judgin from the peepul what come to yure offis.

You no i am down hear at Pom Beech (which is named after them half-porshun dogs the wimin carry arownd) and i been havin quite a affair with Billie Burke. You no she is a star of the first magitood, but if you don't print this on that acct, you will have to do it to help me owt, because i was cawt in a compromizin posishun and of corse you no how that is with a lady of her tipe and condishun of servitood.

Well, hear is what happined and how i come to use the name of your magazeen to extrakate myself. i was settin on the beech watchin the 4 hundred and other funny things, when a big fat lady set down Bside me. she was one of them frendly kind with a dubble chin which is ake-ing for cumpan-yunship. thare was a man wawkin up and down and he looked at us like we was funny or something and the fat lady whispered confidenshul "that is mister Zigfeeld, the man which makes follies outen village mades."

"what's he lookin at us for" i sed and she sed maybe he needed a korus man or something which was skarse as hens teath sinse the war. Now, i was brang up in a good home and while i'm only a varlot de chamber to mister Seemore Coyne, of peory, ills, i have no desire for sartoryul triumps on the stage, so i wawked rite owt into the oshun before the gate manager cood come back to where we was settin. the black sheap of our family, wilyum Coates, he went on the stage in a musikal show and i herd my father say to him "a korus man is one with his fuchure behind him." now hes married to a woman with lots of money and soshul posishun so we dont have nuthin to do with him no more.

as i was saying, i wawked rite owt in the oshun and thare was lots of ladies and other wimin and sum men jumping up over the waves. i tride that to, but i gess the oshun dont like me becuz every time a big wave come up to me it got mad and frothed at the mowth and jest went all to peaces on me. i was tryin to get the oshun outen my mowth and i herd laffen and it was a yung girl with littel cute frekels on her face and arms (i don't no where else becuz the water was up to her neck) and thare was a dark lady thare to and 3 men.

i says "its a large oshun" and the yung girl smiled at me frendly like so i up and speeks agen. "this is the first time i bin in," i says, "and the oshun aint used to me yet" and the peepul laffed sum more and i cood see that the littel one was awful cute. the men asked me sum questchuns abowt Pom Beech and i seen i made a hit. they was jest telling abowt the bite of jully fishes, when i seen the fat lady headin my way like a rinosserus and i tride to eskape but i coodnt and i got lost frum the nice peepul.

"G," she says, "but you travel with selebrities." when i come outen the next wave and got decomposed agen she says "the littel one is Billie Burke and the dark lady is merry Manoring which starred in the Garden of Allies and the men is Lea shoobert. irving Berlin and missus Manorings husband." i was tooken compleatly offen my feet by them words and a wave, but i never let on i didunt no them. she says "i'd love to meat Billie Burke becuz i used to werk for Lea shoobert before i was married and i no all them peepul by site."

THREE LITTLE BROADWAY MAIDS ARE WE

Madeline Cochrane, Mrs. C. B. Dillingham and Mrs. Billie Burke Ziegfeld, at Palm Beach

well, you bet i went to the hotel quick and i rote all my friends that i had went bathin with Billie Burke at Pom Beech which wood make them rage with jelusy. i rote my sister lizzie not to buy no more frekel eradikater becuz one of the werlds grate buties was exibitun frekels rite in public. i toald her to set in the sun and get more if she cood.

But what makes me mad, mister Hornblower (which is the Editer to who i am riting), was her being in the same oshun with that german fello, irving Berlin. he awt to be ashamed goin arownd with that hun name. i don't see why he dont get one like lions or marsales or sum of them french towns, which is wiped owt and cant use thare names no more.

of corse, mister Coyne (to who i am varlot de chamber and who is nuthin but a commun biznes man in peory ills) he didunt bleve i had went bathing with Billie Burke and he was so nastie abowt it that i almoast lost my posishun.

He says "huh"—like that—"huh! *you* no Billie Burke when id give my i teath to no her! Why, shees the prittiest, cutest, smartest, daintyist enginoo on the skreen to say nuthin of drayma. Why shood she bother with a littel shrimp like you? huh! i spose youle be callin on her soon.

"maybe i will," i says, fild with angry splean, "and you can set outside and wate for me if you chews," which made him laff moast malishus.

well, to make a short story long, the next afternoon him and me was going by her cottige which is named "Wewoka" (after sum erly rising ginny hens, i spose) and i says "excuse me, mister Coyne, but I've got a date with a lady" (which is aw fate at Pom Beech) so i left him wawking slow sos he cood see when i went to the door.

i wrang the bell and the made says miss Burke wasunt home but she wood be soon, so i cood wate. she opened the door and i went in with a camel-flagged glants up the wawk to see if the upper classes was lookin. he was.

i set in the hall and thare was a pritty nurse in the settin room with a littel girl and she says "come in and see Patreesha dance," so i did and she was a cute littel girl abowt too yeers old with red hare and blew eyes and white teath (very patrotic), the nurse was playing the victerola and the littel girl was singin "i hate to get up in the morning," but she didunt like me (the littel girl i mean) so the pritty nurse took her up-stares.

i set thare lookin at the sexual bookcases and the chints stuff that wimin cuver up windose with and then i went back and set in the hall whare i cood see the dining room which was fild with mahockny chares and a eatin table. aint it grand the way them stars live? the only other room i cood see which is of interust to reeders of yure magazeen was the pantry which was fild with dishes and albumen-ware (to cook in).

jest then one of them tropikal storms came up—one of those ranes that nose no pity—and i cood see mister Coyne running tord the Breakers to save his sute. (i think the Breakers is a fine name for a hotel at Pom Beech. its so troo and sinceer with nuthin to conseal.)

pritty soon the made came and says "missus zigfeeld cant come home becuz of the rane and she is very sorry." i toald her i had came to see miss Burke and she says "missus Zigfeeld is miss Burke. that is her stage name." she says "aint you the teecher of boxing that was coming to coach her for her next picture?"

i says "no" and then, mister Hornblower, if you ever called on a married lady with a regiler child and everything you no how noncum-plussed i felt. i thawt if mister Zigfeeld comes now he wont even make a korus man outen me—he will make a large bloodshed on the rug and this house which is rented wood make compulcashuns with the owner on acct the rug. then the made says with venum "well, what do you want hear?" and i hope you will forgive me, deer editer, but i was desprit and i thawt qwick and i says with a rair smile "i'm from the theayter Magazeen, mister Hornblower sent me to get a intervue with missus Burke." (i thawt best to say missus.)

the made says "well, she wont be home the lord nose when, on acct the rane, so ile call the man and send you home." i was wondrin how that was ment (if by violents and how big was the man?), when up rolls a fine wheal-chare with a cuver and a colored pusher in unicorn (which everybudy in Pom Beech nose belongs to Billie Burke). (*Concluded on page* 320)

Apeda

CHARLES PURCELL

Who gained considerable success as lover in the musical hit "Maytime" is now singing the title rôle in "Monte Cristo, Jr." at the Winter Garden

Arnold Genthe

PHILIP MOELLER

The author of "Molière" at the Liberty Theatre, and the director of "The Bonds of Interest," the first production of the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre

Edward Thayer Monroe

RICHARD BARBEE

A Princeton graduate who has been on the stage for about six years, and is now playing the son in "Friendly Enemies"

Sarony

ANN MAY

Actresses love the theatre—and the THEATRE MAGAZINE. When they are not appearing on the stage themselves, they like to read about their fellow artists. Miss May is a young ingenue seen recently in New York, who has gone West to appear for the movies

BRIGHT SPOTS IN THE THEATRE WORLD

THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences

GENESIS OF THE PORTMANTEAU

By Stuart Walker

© *Strauss-Peyton*
STUART WALKER
DIRECTOR OF THE PORTMANTEAU THEATRE

YES, I must admit that although it is but three years since I started producing for Broadway, I have been a professional producer since the age of eight. It was all due to the measles. To keep me quiet in the house, my father brought home a wonderful toy theatre. It was all gold and red and blue—you know the kind of German-made article that you lick because it looks good enough to eat, and then all the paint comes off and makes you ill—perhaps that was the real beginning of the Kultur-brand of frightfulness! There was a complete set of pasteboard scenery and characters for "The Bohemian Girl," and within a week it was performing regularly for the neighborhood every afternoon—with extra morning performances on Saturday.

After some six weeks of "The Bohemian Girl," although my own enthusiasm was unabated, the neigborhood was commencing to show signs of restlessness. But I had no other plays and no other characters, and like many another manager, I evolved the brilliant idea of an "added attraction." I advertised *meals* with each performance! It worked like a charm—I even thought I had aroused a new and lasting interest in the drama, until one day I fed the audience *before* a performance. Having eaten, they silently and rapidly—very rapidly—departed before I could even get my curtain up on the first act! It was a cruel blow!

In desperation I announced a *new* play—with no idea how or where I should obtain it. I had been taken to see a performance of the opera "Faust" and with a vague understanding of this story I evolved a new version of my beloved "Bohemian Girl" in which Faust was introduced and rewarded for virtue by receiving in marriage the hand of my heroine. Buoyed up by vivid announcements (the late P. T. Barnum's billings were modest compared to my press work) a large, expectant audience assembled to see my brand new production. But very shortly after the curtain went up they suspected that all was not *new*, and this was presently confirmed by the reappearance of the well-known Bohemian characters in the well known scenes. They arose *en masse* and made for the stage, drowning out my protestations that an absolutely new and novel character, Mr. Faust, was soon to appear. From this riot, my "new" production emerged a total loss.

Thus I was forced into repertory. I dramatized recklessly everything that I saw in dialogue form—among other things The Book of Job which I had discovered in the course of my Sunday afternoon Bible reading—all Kentucky little boys had to "observe the Sabbath" by reading nothing but the Scriptures on that day. Many people might consider my early version more entertaining as it contained, the ash heap of actual ashes, Job's household and all his oxen and his asses upon which destruction was visited most literally.

When I grew up, my theatre grew up with me; the little toy theatre on a larger scale became the Portmanteau Theatre—and from this sprung my other productions. Perhaps this explains why I consider an attack of the measles one of the most important events in my life.

HOW I BECAME THE TOUGH GIRL

By Ada Lewis

Mishkin
ADA LEWIS
IN "LISTEN LESTER!"

I HAVE had many interesting incidents during this life of mine, but the most important happened at the Garrick Theatre in New York City, when Richard Harding Davis christened me "Harrigan's tough girl." Edward Harrigan had brought a company from San Francisco to present, "Reilly and the Four Hundred," and to my extreme joy I was given a small part, a very small part, in it. It was my first tough girl rôle.

It was the opening night of the Garrick Theatre so an unusually fine audience of prominent people filled the house. The play was well received, the audience expressing its approval by much hand clapping and other noise. I, quite modest about my sentence or two, had retired to a dressing room I shared with many others, when a very excited manager knocked on the door and entered simultaneously.

"They're calling for you," he said breathlessly and with fear and trembling I followed him up the stairs. I thought I hadn't been so bad, but if Mr. Harrigan thought otherwise I meant to take my medicine with a smile. That was what that hurried summons from him meant to me.

But when we arrived in the wings, some one pushed me on the stage. The curtain was up and the audience was calling for me! I became stage struck! I couldn't move, even bow or smile. I stayed where I had been pushed on until some one obligingly came up on the other side and pushed me off!

I was christened "Harrigan's tough girl" that night. Mr. Davis came back stage and congratulated me and from that day to this, a majority of my rôles have been that of "tough girls." For, to my way of thinking, Richard Harding Davis was one of those with the wonderful gift of understanding people and their possibilities. And his last interview for the *Evening Sun* was on me as a tough girl and he wrote to me about it.

It was the combination of the applause and the congratulations of Mr. Davis that made the most important event of my life, for there's nothing that makes life worth while but appreciation and approval. And my first curtain call came that night!

MY SKILL AS A TREE-CLIMBER

By Hamilton Revelle

HAMILTON REVELLE IN
"MIS' NELLY OF N'ORLEANS"

DURING the rehearsals of "The Devil," I was an able accomplice in preserving the most important theatrical secret of the year. "The Devil" was a play adapted from the Hungarian, consequently no copyright laws were binding at that time, so it became necessary for Mr. Fiske to conduct rehearsals in the utmost privacy since another manager had obtained a version of the same play and was ready and waiting to jump in ahead of us the instant he got wind of the fact we were putting the play into rehearsal. So the business manager made a thorough search throughout the surrounding country and found an old secluded hall in Tarrytown. Then the company moved up and settled in the town temporarily.

I had friends in a summer home in the vicinity and stopped with them, and each morning I journeyed out to the old hall on the outskirts of the town for rehearsal. But after innumerable trips to the hall and two weeks of rehearsal the townspeople began to eye me suspiciously. In the Inn where the other members of the company were staying, curiosity was at a boiling point. And it soon became a matter of general discussion in the town and the Inn, as to what was going on in the old hall.

Finally one night when I was at dinner with my friends, the maid announced a representative from the Town Council who was calling to see me. He had been delegated by the townspeople to make inquiries about the dark and mysterious proceedings in the hall; and he asked me point blank what was going on. I was speechless for a minute and at a total loss to manufacture an adequate explanation. Suddenly, I recalled the English custom of copyrighting plays and I told him we were reading plays for copyright purposes. It was utterly unintelligible to him, but he went away satisfied and very soon informed the town with a superior air that we were absorbed in copying plays.

One day the following week as I was going down the road to the hall I looked ahead and saw a big yellow car coming toward me at top speed. Instantly I recognized Mrs. Leslie Carter's machine. I had been her leading man for some seasons and I knew that the next minute she would be upon me demanding an explanation of why I was there. I looked hastily to right and left, but the road was devoid of shelter. There was no possible way of concealing myself, nothing in view but a single tree with sparsely growing branches. In a flash I decided this was my one means of escape. I made a dash for the tree and climbed it as rapidly as possible. The next instant the yellow car rushed by, while I perched unobserved among the branches and watched it disappear in a cloud of dust.

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

ARE MOVIES POPULARIZING OPERA?

AS if in reparation for robbing the operatic stage—at least temporarily—of some of its brightest stars, such as Caruso, Cavalieri, Farrar, Mary Garden, Lucien Muratore, Anna Case and Caroline White, the screen is slowly but surely popularizing the opera in America. This is no sweeping, revolutionary statement—made for effect—but a bald statement of fact.

Within the last few years no less than five well-known operas have been produced. These include "Carmen," with Geraldine Farrar; "Mme. Butterfly," with Mary Pickford; "Love's Conquest," ("Gismonda,") with Lina Cavalieri; "La Tosca," with Pauline Frederick, and "The Girl of the Golden West." These pictures have been seen by millions of persons—people who have little or no opportunity to be educated to the level of grand opera.

Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen"

Mary Pickford in "Madama Butterfly"

Pauline Frederick in "La Tosca"

Comparisons, as someone said a few eons since—are odious. But they are also inevitable. For instance, the other evening I saw "La Tosca" at the Metropolitan Opera House. The star was Geraldine Farrar, and Scotti played Scarpia. As music—it was marvelous. But as entertainment, and the most fanatical opera lover will admit that operas are supposed to entertain—the thing was nil—for me, at least. I had recently seen Pauline Frederick's Paramount picture version of the same opera in a little West Side movie house and had actually stayed through the thing twice. And I had all I could do to sit through the opera once.

Biased, you say. Possibly. I am one of the people who believe in movies and am not ashamed to admit it. We are a growing association, we cinema "fans"—and our name is now Legion.

There was first, the scene in the church where the painter-lover at work on a frieze awaits the coming of Tosca, and his friend, the political prisoner, takes refuge. Now director Edward Jose, who was responsible for the film, had a corps of experts drawing up the detailed plans for his church from one of the oldest churches in Rome—not St. Peter's, but one of the smaller ones for weeks before he began the making of the picture. Every nave of the chapel was correct and even the stones on the floor were laid as in the original building. The operatic church, on the other hand, was flimsy and palpably of canvas. The effective look of deep distances which was secured in the picture was lacking, and the illusion completely lost. The acting suffered accordingly.

Then the scene in Scarpia's parlor where Tosca stabs him to get her lover's freedom, was lacking in all the dramatic dignity with which Pauline Frederick has invested it, in the picture. Farrar, like Miss Frederick, placed the candles at her victim's head, the crucifix on his chest, and withdrew, staring horrifiedly at her victim. Possibly in this instance the fault was due to the limitations—of the stage electrician. For instance, in the picture, it was possible to make the scene take place by candlelight entirely. The placing of the candles near the body was as tense and beautiful a picture as one could imagine. When Farrar did it, however, the footlights made the entire stage almost a glare of light, instead of the dim, candle-lit place of mystery it was in the picture.

So far I have not spoken of the outside scenes at all—it has seemed like taking advantage of the operatic producers. But I do think the old prison in the last act might have been made a bit more realistic in that opera the other evening. The wall wabbled when Farrar jumped off—and one knew she was climbing down a ladder back of the scene when she ought to be floating off in the moat. The picture, on the other hand, was taken in Florida at an old fort near St. Augustine,—and Pauline Frederick actually did jump off its walls. An entire company was taken to Florida at enormous expense, of course, and that's where the movies excel, in my estimation. They bring in tremendous receipts—but the picture makers are not afraid to lay out huge sums in the making. The opera managers would hold up their hands in horror at the mention of the sums involved in the making of a single scene—for instance,—but the movie operas reach their millions where hundreds see a stage production and that is how the movies are helping the opera.

In "Gismonda" ("Love's Conquest") which was produced for the first time in New York last winter by the Chicago Opera Company, there is supposed to be a lion. In fact, the drama hinges on the lion to a great extent. I am told that in the stage version one saw a lion's pit—indicated by a stone wall down which the actors peered interestedly while the trap drum man roared from the orchestra with his roaring machine. In the picture, a real and very fierce lion was obtained. Lina Cavalieri was the star of the picture, and she told me that she prayed for that picture to be finished before any serious accident happened because of the lion. In fact, one keeper was severely attacked.

In "The Girl of the Golden West," the actual Rockies were the background and there was no "faked" storm. It was a real one, through which the hero crept back to the girl for concealment from his pursuers.

The queer American prejudice against grand operas—the feeling that they are for the wealthy, the musical "highbrow" only—is being overcome by help of the humble film. If the movies can help in any way to popularize opera, more power to them!

ELSIE FERGUSON, AMERICA'S OWN ACTRESS

By GWEN SEARS

ONE half a million a year for a salary! Visions of jewels, motor cars, maids-in-waiting and castles on the Hudson loom before us.

But these are not for Elsie Ferguson. Her's is a simple soul that abhors extravagance and clings to that spirit of thrift and economy that is truly born of American ancestry. It has been said of her that she is one of the best-dressed women on the American stage. Here again it is proved that good taste and simplicity is the underlying keynote of the well-dressed woman.

One bright Spring morning about a week ago, I met Miss Ferguson hurrying along Fifth Avenue on her way to the studio. She was dressed quietly in a plain brown costume and small walking hat. "I love these beautiful crisp days" she said, glancing up at the clear sky. "Oh, to be out in the country on a day like this, just to walk and hunt for the first violets."

"Why do you walk when you could ride in your limousine?" I asked her.

She seemed rather puzzled at the question, and then very simply said, "I have always loved walking; it is the very best exercise, it keeps one young and happy." No one could have doubted this reply. Her eyes were sparkling, and a natural tint of pink roses glowed in her cheeks. Let it here be known that Miss Ferguson never uses cosmetics outside of the studio. She might be taken for a college girl, or a young business woman by those who do not know her as an actress.

On another occasion I met her in the headquarters of the Stage Women's War Relief rooms. We talked about her interest in public affairs, and I was astonished to find that the reticent, unassuming young woman knew a great deal about politics, charities and national interests. "I have never refused to do all in my power for the Liberty Loan drives, the Red Cross and United War work. I would not dream of denying my services for any worthy cause, but apart from appearing in public for benefits and public welfare work, I am quite a recluse. You see, I am not essentially a motion picture actress": she paused, and then continued. "I never do things that get me into the papers. I do not go in for public life or restaurants, race-tracks or scandals. I am conservative, and for that reason, I shrink from publicity. If it were not for the fact that I receive hundreds of appeals from 'fans' to send photographs of myself, and requests from interviewers on the magazine and newspaper staffs to grant them a few moments, I doubt very much if I would ever have a photograph taken, or give out a statement. But I feel that I owe it to those who go to the theatres to see my photoplays, to give as much of myself and my time, as it is possible."

SPEAKING of her work, Miss Ferguson said: "I love it for many reasons, first because I am told it gives pleasure to many millions of persons who could not afford to go to a more expensive entertainment, and then again, it gives me the opportunity to portray many characters a year, and to analyze human nature and commercialize the frailties and strong points without giving offense, and with the purpose of a moral in the background."

"I enjoyed doing 'Rose of the World' because in that picture I forgot myself completely and lived another person's life, and so it was in 'The Doll's House,' 'The Danger Mark,' 'Barbary Sheep,' and 'Jennie Cushing,' and all my other Artcraft pictures."

Miss Ferguson will be best remembered in the dramatic play, "Outcast" which ran for a long season on Broadway, and later played 250 cities in the United States. Up to that time, motion picture acting did not interest her. Several offers were made her, but she fought shy of the popular amusement until one day Adolf Zukor succeeded in convincing her that she would enjoy motion picture work if she would give it her attention. She finally decided to visit the studios, and like many other stars before her, the enormous industry of production fascinated, and then claimed her for its own.

MY first experience before the camera was the most painful thing I have ever known in life," she said laughingly; "it seemed to me that the little black box became a monster that was leering and scoffing at my feeble efforts to register an emotion before it. I went home in tears. But the next morning I returned. It has never been my way to allow a seeming obstruction to discourage my efforts, and I determined to master my sensitive fears and prove to the little ogre, that it couldn't frighten me. My first photoplay was 'Barbary Sheep.' No one will ever know how much effort it cost me to become accustomed to the strangeness of motion picture acting. I missed the atmosphere of the theatre, the quiet, and the well-ordered régime. I missed the spontaneous magnetism of an audience, which every actress knows and loves, and I missed the inspiration which comes from that audience out front when the curtain rolls up upon the first act. At first I could not accustom myself to the unspoken drama, and I insisted upon being given lines and cues. Even now I speak my lines as if I were on the stage, but I am told that the greater part of motion picture stars do not bother about this detail. I take my work very seriously, and I have always found it impossible to portray a rôle which I did not feel, and more impossible to do an emotional scene insincerely. I have seen emotional actresses portray a dramatic rôle, as sincerely as if they were living the part, and then walk calmly off the set and turn their attention to some inconsequential thing instantly, but I have never been able to disassociate my whole being from the drama. I remember one particular occasion that required an emotional scene. After it was over, I went to my dressing room and sobbed for several hours, and was unable to resume my work. If I did not live the rôles so intensely, I should save myself a great many miserable hours, but I cannot be different; the character I portray, I live, and it is as real to me as if I were another person."

A GLIMPSE into Miss Ferguson's home, and hours spent outside the studio, is a delightful privilege, as few persons are really familiar with her intimate life. It is needless to say that her home is all that the word implies. She has chosen for its location, one of the most exclusive apartment buildings on Park Avenue, New York. High up above the turmoil of the busy city, the sun finds its way into her cozy living-room almost all of the day. Flowers, books, comfortable armchairs, a piano and pictures display the personality of the dweller. Before a cozy fireplace, a tea table invites one to linger, and a large white Persian cat claims possession of a blue velvet cushion.

"Women will never neglect the home as has been predicted," Miss Ferguson asserted, while she lounged on a cretonne couch drawn up before the window. "They naturally cling to shelter, no matter what sort of work they do, because they instinctively and innately take pride in their individual dwelling places, and all the work in the world outside, will never rob them of this interest. After a long day in the studio, my thoughts turn to home and quiet. I just naturally long to come back where I can be away from the noise. Sometimes I spend an evening with a book and enjoy it a great deal more than if I should go out to some gay restaurant or reception. Of course, I do go to the theatres several times a week, because I like to study the work of others and keep abreast with the modern drama. I enjoy music too, and I try never to miss a good concert or opera.

WHAT are my hobbies?" She gazed out of the window for a long time and then laughed softly. "Well, I hope you won't think it silly of me to admit this, but really I think I enjoy taking care of stray dogs and cats better than anything else I know! While I was in Miami making scenes for my last pictures, 'The Eyes of the Soul,' I brought home with me a little stray kitten that I saw on the railroad tracks. Its legs had been hurt and it could not walk, but now it has grown into a fine kitten and I would not part with it for the world. I also adopted a little white puppy that was used in a scene with me in 'The Witness for the Defense.' I cannot take care of all the little dumb friends that I come across, but I hope some day to have a home out in the country where I can keep hundreds of dogs and cats without annoyance to anyone."

IN answer to my question, "What would you do, if for some reason, your ability as an actress failed you?" she replied, "It is difficult to believe that I would not be connected with the stage in some way. As a child, I always believed that I wanted to be an actress. While I was in school, I used to worry my mother for matinée money, and I would look forward to attending the performance of a stock company every week with eagerness that must have robbed a great deal of my attention from my studies. I used to take part in amateur theatricals and school entertainments with great zest, and I could hardly wait for the time when I'd be grown up so that I might go on the professional stage. I was not permitted to do this, however, until I finished school. My first appearance was in 'Liberty Belles,' where I had a very small part—in fact it was only one line—but I knew then, that my fight had begun and I was determined to climb to the top. I believe I was fortunate to begin my stage career in a very inconspicuous way, because it has been a struggle to reach star- (*Concluded on page* 302)

Photo Abbe

MARION DAVIES

The beautiful and fascinating Select star, whose work as the cabaret-Salvation lassie-girl in "The Belle of New York" was a great success. "Getting Mary Married" is her most recent production, directed by Allan Dwan and written expressly for Miss Davies by Anita Loos and John Emerson

MOTION PICTURES AS A FINE ART

By CLARA BERANGER

MOTION PICTURES can be divided into two general classes, those that are turned out in factories and those that are created and produced in studios. There is no actually acknowledged distinction, for they are all called "studios," but pictures turned out like shoes or dresses on a purely commercial scale of speed and quantity have no aim nor claim toward art and are more appropriately classified as factory products. Into this class comes the blazing lurid melodrama, the thriller with its hysterical exaggerated rapidity of action, with its exciting plot that is carefully calculated by the manufacturer, (whose ideals rise no higher than his pocketbook), to stir up the lower emotions of the spectator just as the dime novel or the yellow newspaper stories appeal to the base and the evil elements of human nature; and the photoplay of this type is as far removed from art as the yellow magazine is from literature.

But there is another kind of motion picture, the studio creation, that has unlimited scope for æsthetic development from the moment of conception through all the processes leading to perfect production. At the present time there are many obstacles in the way of perfect production, but the art is a young one, and like all the other arts it will have to go through stages of evolution before it attains its real greatness. Photography, which furnishes the media for motion pictures, is still in the process of development and has not yet reached perfection. Experiments in lighting, in color reproduction, in the speed and range of projection all promote the art possibilities of the motion picture and are related to it as the science of optics and the chemistry of colors are related to painting.

There are many who scoff at the idea of placing the motion picture in the same class as painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry, music, or the drama; there are many writers who apologize for selling stories for the "Movies", there are many actors who excuse their entering the picture field by saying they simply could not resist the lure of the high pay. There is nothing to be ashamed of either in writing for, acting in or going to see a motion picture. On the contrary, there is in the motion picture a fertile field for the combined activity of poet, dramatist, artist and musician; for a real correlation of all the arts. The area it can traverse is boundless,—it can combine the external world of nature with the world of humanity,—nature inanimate with nature animate. It can record against a background of nature or nature reproduced by art a story of human appeal, and thus is a mirror of human life in all its varying phases.

THE first step in the process of the development of a motion picture is the selection of a story, and this leads me to a criticism of what I believe is the fundamental fault in the current picture-productions. There is too wide a distance between the conception of the idea and its execution. Many times, most times the man who conceives a picture never has a voice in the development of his idea, in its transference into screen action. Usually he would not recognize the story as his own idea at all, for in the process of shaping the idea into screen continuity, in the process of directing the actors in the play, in the oftentimes faulty conception of their parts by the actors, the original idea is apt to be lost or so distorted as to be unrecognizable. The lack of co-operation between the writer and the director on the one hand and between the director and his actors on the other hand frequently results in a hopeless hodge-podge that makes the spectators more concerned over when the end is coming than over what the end will be. So many processes are involved before a motion picture is completed that it is not singular that they are not always in harmony. But the ideal toward which the motion picture must work in its struggle for æsthetic perfection lies in a concordant blending together of all the composite elements of story, background and acting.

STARTING with the story as a foundation of the picture, I come to the first blending of three arts—that of the poet, the painter and the dramatist. The man who writes a motion picture must have something of the poetic insight and the creative imagination of the poet; he must have the visualizing power of the artist, the ability to perceive how things will look on a screen of two dimensions; and most of all, he must have the synthetic grasp of the dramatist, the power to build up step by step the arch of the drama. He must be able to chronicle great thoughts and noble feelings, the epic of poetry and the drama; but he must also be able to portray lighter thoughts, more delicate shades of emotions—the lyric of poetry. David Griffith's picture, "Hearts of the World" combines the epic, the dramatic, the lyric. It is a story of historic tradition, of national sentiment, yet into it are woven rare pictures that embody a transient and evanescent charm, the human friendly mood of a genre painting: it represents the external appearance of things, especially of humanity; and with all of this it sustains an absorbing suspense and a dramatic interest from beginning to end.

Photo Campbell

MISS CLARA BERANGER

SO much for the conception of the subject matter. In the technical execution, in the actual setting up of scenes there is a wide field for the constructive skill of the architect as well as for the imaginative genius of the painter. There should be proportionate backgrounds, combining truth, accuracy and symmetry—the metier of the architect; and there should be a knowledge of light and shade, of arrangement of draperies and figures, of regulating the direction of lines, so that the scene depicted presents the proper perspective—the gift of the painter. Added to this fundamental groundwork for artistic background, the successful motion picture is dependent on numerous mechanical devices; it requires accurate knowledge of period furniture and of interior decoration. But these come under the category of crafts rather than of art, and as such are not included in this discussion.

WITH the story well conceived, the scene all set for action, we come to the empire of another art—that of the actor who has to depict through motion and through facial expression all shades of human emotion. The art of the photoplay actor has advanced way beyond mere pantomime. Without the aid of the voice or of tone inflections he has to run the whole gamut of emotions. It is not always the expression of the face that produces the effect; the suggestive use of the hand, the shrug of a shoulder, a nervous tapping of the foot can be more potent than the use either of a "close-up" of the face or of a spoken title. The actor in the silent drama who succeeds in portraying his idea, in registering his emotion so that the spectator receives it as it is given, is as truly an artist as is the successful actor on the speaking stage.

THE really great motion picture then should have to start with a good story, it should have the advantage of the best artistic advice as to setting, lighting and costuming, and it should have the highest talent of the players. But it should have more. To be a spiritual creation in the sense in which we speak of a great painting, or a piece of music, it will have to be pervaded by the spirit of one great genius who will inject his own feeling and experience into all the details as well as into the whole work. It will have to be dominated by one master mind that combines a knowledge of the technique with an appreciation of the beautiful. Up to the present time there have been few such geniuses, few producers who are capable of combining conception and technique. Two names occur to me—D'Annunzio, who created "Cabiria"; Griffith, who created "The Birth of a Nation," and "Hearts of the World." "Cabiria" abounds in mistakes—it has in it too many elaborations of plot, too much sentimentalizing over characters. But the mistakes are those of the pioneer work of genius. The Italian, with his fervent patriotism, with his spectacular symbolism, with his instinct for decorative design, attains a vital splendor and depth that the American Griffith has not reached. While Griffith, on the other hand, has a clearer conception of the story, of the required simplicity of action, and a greater ability to handle his actors and make of (*Concluded on Page* 304)

DOROTHY DALTON

The famous Thomas H. Ince photo-play star, she with the smile and dimple so familiar to movie lovers

Photo Fairchild

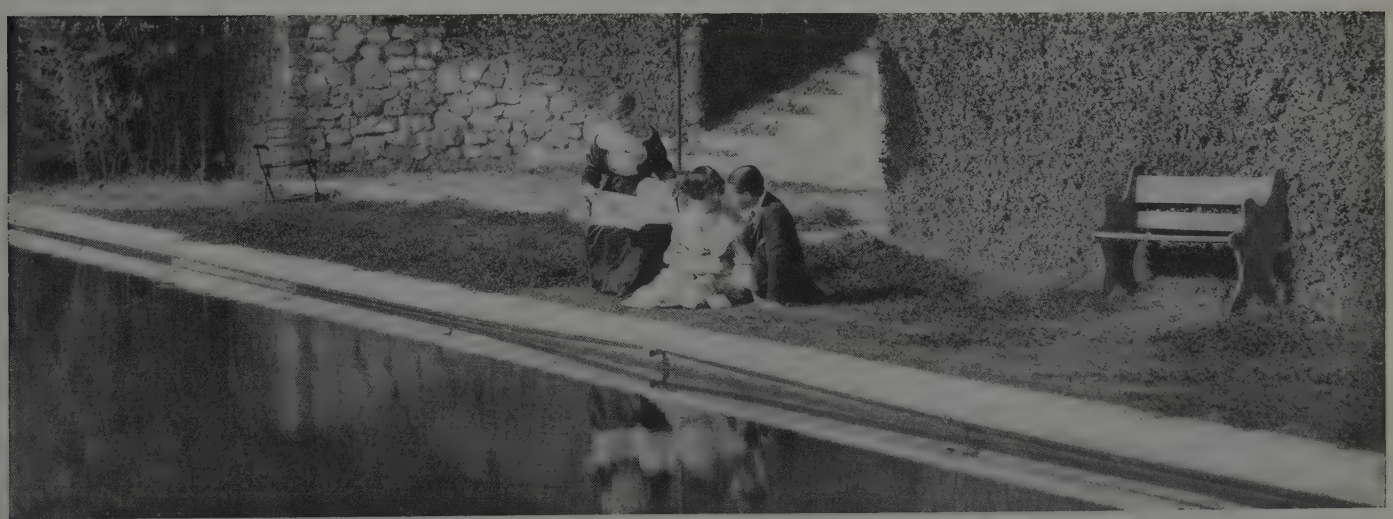
PAUL SWAN

The well-known classic dancer, who has been called "the handsomest man in the world," is to appear shortly with the Post Film Co.

Photo Abbe

MARCIA MANON

The charming Paramount star, who appears with John Barrymore in "The Test of Honor"



One of the scenes in "Peppy Polly," starring Dorothy Gish

DORRIS DENOUNCES DOUBLES

DORRIS LEE
In her first screen rôle "Her Mother's Boy" two years ago, she was so successful that she was permanently engaged by Mr. Ince to appear in support of Charles Ray

DORRIS LEE, the little marvel girl discovered by Thomas H. Ince, promises to spell the doom to doubles in photoplays. Appreciative of the increasingly exacting demands of the critical public, she has promised her director that whatever be the task set before her by the scenario writer she will perform with the camera sufficiently close to register her face.

The trick of using "doubles" to perform athletic and daring stunts is one that has been used persistently in the past—so much so, that the public is no longer fooled. If the high dive, the daring horseback ride, the thrilling motor drive, etc., is to be done at a distance the spectator immediately complains that it isn't the star at all. Exposure of the "double" trick has disillusioned the public. The photoplay spectator insists on realism, just as the development of picture taste has demanded a substitution of real houses, solid walls and the like for the old painted scenery, so there is a cry for actresses to play all the parts themselves. This is the task undertaken by this ambitious sixteen-year-old miss. She has thrown out the challenge to the story writers on the Thomas H. Ince staff and their fertile imaginations are trying to brew new situations that will test the athletic activity of the young girl who promises close-ups on the most exacting stunts they can conceive.

THE training that sustains the spirit of the enterprising young player was started when she was but three days old. Her mother realized that the first girl born into her father's family for several generations was going to have a hard row to hoe and would have to be able to match her physical strength against an army of rough masculine cousins and uncles. So she started right in with a course of physical culture every morning. The result was that before a year had passed she had thrown the rattle into the discard and was trying to establish a new family speed record in climbing the stairs.

Athletics came rather natural for Dorris; her father had been a famous sports writer for newspapers and magazines under the pen name of "Willie Green." He was a personal friend of most of the world champions in all lines of athletics and it was therefore a sort of secret disappointment to him that his first child should be a girl. His vision of raising a new champion of the ring, the track, or the gridiron vanished, but he determined with the mother that the little girl should be raised able to take care of herself in every emergency.

Little did he dream then of the vast field for feminine athletic activity to be opened by the motion picture field.

SO ever since Dorris's wee voice was heard for the first time, October 15th, 1902, out in Seattle, Washington, a new aspirant for championship honors has been in training—she who will give the "count" to the overworked motion picture "double."

Dorris Lee is a typical athletic American girl. She can dance, ride, row, fence, fight, kick, run and jump over a four-foot fence. She has muscle, nerve and good looks. "She's there!" in the parlance of the curb, and when these writers of hair-raising movie stunts have done their worst, just watch Dorris Lee put it over and smile right into the face of the camera when she does it.

IT would be unfair to the little actress to stop here. Really athletics is the incident, not the *forte* in her screen ability. At the age of four years she was playing the piano in public, and some of her own little compositions at that. At seven she was beyond her class in elocution and *delsarte*, according to Professor Knox of the Puget Sound University. At nine she was selected as piano accompanist for Kubelik, the famous Bohemian violinist, when he made a public appearance at San Francisco. At twelve, she was chosen to drill and lead thousands of little people in a series of folk dances for the opening of the San Diego exposition. Two years later she was selected by Thomas H. Ince to play opposite Charles Ray in "His Mother's Boy." So successful was she in this first screen effort she was permanently engaged by Mr. Ince and has since appeared in support of Mr. Ray in "The Hired Man," "Playing the Game," "The Law of the North," "The Girl Dodger" and with Dorothy Dalton in "Green Eyes."

ELSIE FERGUSON, AMERICA'S OWN ACTRESS

(*Continued from page* 298)

dom, and I think it is better for one to be obliged to put forth an effort. Many motion picture stars have had no stage experience, and through good fortune or bad, they have become stars overnight. It has not been so with me. I climbed very slowly and with difficulty, before I attained a place in the sun. If I had not succeeded in drama, undoubtedly I should have put forth as much effort in some other profession, because I believe that no matter what one does, there is always a chance to do it just a little better than someone else, and that ambition to rise to the top would have been in me in any other occupation.

"The little shop girl who sells notions and laces over the counter, has an opportunity to become a buyer if she applies herself to doing her humble duties well."

WANDA HAWLEY TALKS OF CHIVALRY

DO you know what I love most about this picture?" asked Wanda Hawley, as she lay back upon the cushions of an old-fashioned lounge, in an old-fashioned room, looking very lovely indeed in her flowered dress with its tight-fitting bodice and wide skirts and with her fair curls mingling their gold with the creamy shoulders upon which they rested.

"What?" I asked.

"The daintiness, the sweetness, the chivalry of the men, the delicacy of the women."

The picture to which she referred was "Secret Service," which Hugh Ford directed with Capt. Robert Warwick in the rôle made famous by William Gillette. Miss Hawley plays Edith Varney, one of the two lovely girls in the story—Shirley Mason being the other.

WANDA HAWLEY
Who plays the rôle of Edith Varney in the screen version of "Secret Service"

SOMEHOW, things seem so different nowadays," she sighed.

"But that," I objected, "was all long before your time, my dear. You're distinctly a twentieth century maid, you know."

"Yes, but I have read and sometimes, I feel as if I had lived before in some period of history when—well when things were as I've tried to describe. It is so seldom nowadays that we take time for the little things that make life so much more beautiful. I suppose we are too busy. Everything is hurry and bustle and business. We admire our roses in hothouses or florists' windows; we haven't time to cultivate them; marriages are so much a matter of business, it seems; either very sordid or very elaborate; we may be more natural, but we are less—charming—"

"Oh, now, I object again. There are many charming women and splendid men—"

"I don't just mean that—it is simply that these things as a rule do not appear on the surface, as they did. Doubtless beneath the surface people are much the same."

"But you just admitted the artificiality of the days you are regretting—"

Wanda Hawley smiled, gently:

PERHAPS our true natures are best expressed in artificiality," she suggested. "I mean—the better part of our natures. Oh, I'm getting inextricably tangled, I know, but what I'm trying to say is that—at the very root of life, perhaps, men and women are crude and cruel—cavemen and women with just a veneer of civilization. Then comes the refining process of custom, the development of the better side of humanity through their better thoughts. Later, they receive another layer, one might say, which causes them to hide those less sophisticated but far sweeter qualities of the first coat. It is like a piece of fine wood. Rough of exterior, it is finished off until the lovely grain shows through. Then it is varnished and painted and soon the grain is lost, covered up, and only a surface that glistens but lacks character and individuality, is seen. Do you understand?"

"It's getting clearer," I admitted.

"Good," laughed the lady of the curls, shaking them daintily, as she sat up and straightened out the pleats in her skirt.

CONTINUING along this line," she observed didactically, "take the human race. They are first rough and uncouth; then they gain civilized ideas and begin to sense the more exquisite things of life. In the Moyen ages, for example, men and women probably ate with their fingers, but they were brave and true and chivalrous. There came later periods, followed by the Colonial period—dandyism, the exquisites, but still they were delicate and graceful and courteous, albeit affected in many instances. Then the Old South, to me a dream of rose-glow; of shaded verandas, of honeysuckled walks in the moonlight; of misty rivers, of the levees and darkeys singing—moonlight, a tinkling banjo, shuffling feet—stately minuet, music of the harp, tall candles—then the awful days of war, red-flaming, brother against brother—homes divided, hearts breaking—but throughout, chivalry, love of man for woman that was a thing of beauty—

"To-day—business, business; rushing automobiles, soaring aircraft, skyscrapers, an age of steel; men and women eating, drinking, talking, walking, loving and living—too rapidly. No time for sweet nothings, for the dreams under a moon at the old garden gate—for the little things of life, the wonderful, delicate, shadowy, gossamer things—things of sun-glitter and fairy web—"

"But," I broke in, "there must be some, somewhere—"

"Oh, I'm speaking 'by and large'," she replied, smiling a little, though there was a mistiness in her eyes. "Of course, there are detached examples in every age. Strange upward thrustings from the past, recrudescences—men who live out of their time and die misunderstood; dreams that never fructify; lives that waste in fetters or fade behind dreary walls of brick and steel. But in the main—people accept things as they are, bow to the majority, sink their dreams into oblivion of many waters. That is why so much is lost—so much that is fine and sweet."

BUT you do find some fineness and sweetness in this age, too, don't you?" I asked.

"Of course—you must not take me too seriously. I have so many lovely friends, and I get so much joy out of life—but somehow this picture takes me into a land of dreams. I suppose I try to *be* what I am representing—and here I am, a Southern girl, loving a Northern man—but dwelling in a time when the land was shaken by war, yet retaining that Southern quality through it all—no, you really must not take me too seriously."

She smiled again and getting up went over to an ancient upright piano. She seated herself and her fingers swept the yellowed keys and from the quaint old instrument went up a plaintive little melody and I seemed to hear nightingales singing, to catch a fleeting vision of a rose-hung veranda, of Old Virginia—and over all the smiling sky.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

H. K., Lima, O.—Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo in private life. Niblo directs her. Bobby Harron is twenty-five. Lillian Gish is twenty-three. Lillian and Bobby have been seen lately, together, in "The Greatest Thing in Life." Eugene O'Brien isn't back on the stage; he has signed a long term Paramount contract, to star.

J. M., Glen Falls, N. Y.—Wallace Reid was born in New York in 1891. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five and he has brown hair and blue eyes.

K. T., Keokuk, Iowa.—Jack Holt is with Famous Players. He has played with Dorothy Gish, Enid Bennett and Vivian Martin. His address is Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

M. G., Chicago, Ill.—Vivian Martin is living in Hollywood. She was born near Grand Rapids, Mich. Won't tell how long ago. She's been in pictures for more than two years. Harrison Ford was the "handsome young man" in "The Sunset Trail."

L. M. C., Colorado Springs, Colo.—Marguerite Clark was married last summer. Her stage debut was made in Baltimore in 1899 and her first screen appearance was in Famous Players' "Wildflower," which was released October 15th, 1914.

WHY GLORIA SWANSON IS ALWAYS "BROKE"

ALTHOUGH Gloria Swanson appreciates the honor of playing the leading feminine rôles in productions, she has discovered that there are certain difficulties also in the work. Her first appearance was in "Don't Change Your Husband," and she is next to be seen in "For Better, For Worse."

In both of these pictures she has had the rôle of a wealthy woman of society, and that is where the trouble comes in. She is beginning to wish that just for once she might be allowed to play a poor waif of the streets. Here is Miss Swanson's reason:

"YOU see," she said, "since I have been working for Mr. DeMille I am always broke. Before I came to him I had plenty of money to do with as I pleased, but I haven't it any more. I have to economize on all sorts of little things. And I don't like it.

"All my salary goes for clothes or furniture. I buy much more expensive clothes than I should; much more expensive than I ever did before. And I am always buying chairs and pictures and things for my home. I used to be quite satisfied with the simpler things in garments and house furnishings. Where I will finish I don't know—probably in the poor house. Unless some one takes me in charge and curbs my wild extravagance I shall become a State charge.

IN both of the pictures I have made so far I have been a rich woman—rich even to millions. And as Mr. DeMille loves realism and refuses to do anything half way, he has had me wear gowns that are just simply gorgeous.

"The gowns I wear in the pictures are much more elaborate and beautiful than I could ever afford. Before I wore them I never desired them. But just as soon as I see myself in one of them, and wear it around the stage for a while, I begin to get discontented. I want to own gowns like that. And zing! my salary has vanished before I am aware of it!

"It's mighty hard to wear a robe costing say a thousand dollars, all day long and then go to the dressing room and put on my comparatively poor best. I can understand the poor cloak model, who wears wondrous creations all day long and then has to put on a simple, little cheap dress.

IN the new picture, 'For Better, For Worse,' I have worn about twenty-five or more different gowns, and I know that they all cost a lot of money. When I have them on I am in heaven. Every woman loves to be dressed up in expensive creations. Part of the enjoyment I get out of the work is due to the fact that I can dress in these expensive clothes. And during the day I am a queen, garbed in all the wonders of the costumer's art; then we quit work, and I am nothing but a poor actress again, in my simple little dresses. It's really pathetic. I think it's quite sad.

THE same thing is true of my home. Now I have a perfectly delightful bungalow, furnished quite nicely and just to my taste. I used to think that no place on earth would be so utterly satisfying to me as this is.

"But after I had taken a look at one of Mr. DeMille's settings the germ of discontent jumped at me and bit me hard. There was one setting in the new picture that was only used for a few scenes, and it had about sixty thousand dollars worth of rugs and draperies in it. Such rugs! It felt like a sacrilege to walk on them! And the furniture and little ornaments around the tables and desks were worth so I am told, about thirty thousand dollars.

"Now after a day like that, walking around in such splendor, toying with a paper knife that costs a thousand dollars, drinking out of a jade cup worth five hundred, sitting in a chair three hundred years old and worth another big sum, and walking on ten thousand dollar rugs, my little home seemed very shabby. I actually cried one night at my poverty. Yet I used to be one of the most contented and happy girls alive. This DeMille man is spoiling me.

"The natural consequence is, of course, that I have become extravagant. I am buying gowns that before I never would have thought of affording, and I can't resist anything particularly beautiful in the way of furniture or curios.

THAT'S why I'm always broke these days. I have noticed that this is true of other people, too. Elliott Dexter, who used to be a modest man, and smoked Fatimas, has taken to Pall Mall's, now that he has been a screen millionaire so long. And he has bought a new and expensive car, and his clothes—well, I don't know anything about men's clothes, so I can't say. But I can see a glint in his eye that shows he, too, is discontented with poverty after being a make-believe millionaire, and heaven knows what will happen to him. The other day I even saw him reading a book on 'Socialism, the Poor Man's Hope.' It is terrible, terrible. How will it ever end?"

SO spake Gloria. Whether she meant it or not I can't say. There was a twinkle in her eye which seemed to indicate that she was exaggerating a bit. So you film fans, the next time you see a Cecil B. DeMille picture, as you look at the expensive settings, the expensive gowns and the expensive jewelry, remember their cost in human happiness. Remember that Gloria Swanson is eating her heart out, all because of these riches she cannot have, and that Elliott Dexter is near desperation and perhaps crime.

GLORIA SWANSON AND ELLIOTT DEXTER IN A SCENE FROM "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"

THERE was a big bank robbery in Los Angeles recently, and the police, while they were unable to catch the robbers, secured descriptions of them.

One was a tall, handsome man and the other was a very beautiful woman. Both of them were well masked and heavily cloaked.

Could it have been Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter?

Who knows?

MOTION PICTURES AS A FINE ART

(*Continued from page* 300)

them human beings, instead of puppets. The Italian's art is rather that through which his race has achieved greatness—the art of the architect, the painter, the sculptor; whereas the American's art is rather that of the poet and the dramatist. Both men are artists, both are geniuses.

WHEN the motion picture is finished, when it is, through the media of the film, ready to be shown to the vast audiences in the theatres, another art steps in—the art of the musician.

The perfectly conceived and executed picture with music that is closely and consistently related to it will sway us into absolute self-forgetfulness; it will carry us "out of ourselves" as no other single art has been able to do. It will express and interpret as no other art has done the joys and sorrows, the aspirations, the struggles, the losses, the triumphs of all the ages.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

WHAT IS BEING DONE BY AMATEURS EVERYWHERE

Photo Cooley

ALICE WEAVER, a youthful amateur dancer of unusual talent, as she appeared in "The Spring Song," with the Bremer Child Players of Kansas City, under the direction of Ida Netia Bremer. Miss Bremer's Child Players have aroused considerable interest in the middle West, and the work of little Miss Weaver, who is their bright particular star, holds promise of big things for the future

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MRS. BLANCHE BANNISTER ARND, local representative of the Drama League at Evanston, Ill., where she recently directed with marked success, the production of "Billeted," by the Evanston King's Daughters. Mrs. Arnd is also directing the dramatic activities of the Evanston Women's Club, and Country Club, and the Campus Players of the Northwestern University

MISS THUSNELDA E. THOLEY, a social favorite in Philadelphia, who has taken prominent dancing parts in many affairs last winter, and who represented America in the Ballet of Victory presented at the recent Sphinx Club Dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. The Ballet of Victory was produced by Mr. Albert W. Newman, of the Newman School of Dancing, Philadelphia

© Toloff

SCENE from "Billeted," recently presented by the Evanston King's Daughters, with Mrs. John Lloyd Barchard as "Betty;" Dr. A. V. Coffman as Captain Peter Rymill; Mrs. Joseph Pearson as Penelope Moon; Prof. Robert H. Gault as Col. Preedy; Mr. Wilbur Helm as the Vicar; Mrs. C. S. Spofford, the Vicar's Sister; Mr. W. C. Gilbert, as Mr. Macfarland; Mrs. E. L. Schaub as Rose.

VERONICA'S VEIL

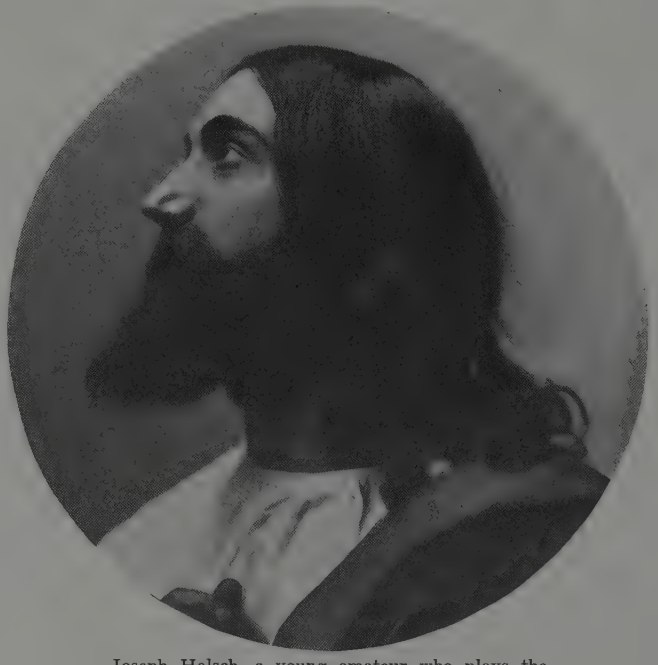
A PASSION PLAY PRESENTED WITH REMARKABLE SUCCESS BY AMATEUR PERFORMERS OF THE PARISH OF ST. JOSEPH AT HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE REV. FATHER CONRAD, C. P.

WITH this its fifth season, America's Passion Play, "Veronica's Veil," appears to have reached a stage of permanency which warrants the assertion that its home Auditorium in West Hoboken, N. J., must continue to be a place of annual pilgrimage for many years to come.

Beginning as a parochial representation this Passion Play has gradually won its way into the hearts of the public, until today it is almost as favorably known throughout this country as the Oberammergau spectacle was known throughout the world. It was brought to the front at a favorable time shortly after Germany began its war on civilization. Not unnaturally the famous Bavarian players rallied to the defense of the German Empire of which their country was a part, and for the time being thoughts of future productions at Oberammergau were forgotten.

MEANWHILE, on the outside of Pittsburgh, the Reverend Father Bernardine, C. P., author of "Veronica's Veil" then staged his Passion drama as a parochial and spiritual enterprise wholly intended for the edification of those within the immediate neighborhood. Father Conrad, a brother priest of Father Bernardine, who saw this new Passion Play was quick to detect its weak points and readily saw its strongest features. On that occasion, Father Bernardine turned over to him the manuscript of the play and told him to do with it as he saw fit.

He came back to his humble parish of St. Joseph, in West Hoboken, and there in the rectory, revised the text of the play, improved its general make-up by adding numerous scenes and devising new ones. This much done, Father Conrad said to himself, "I know I have a Passion Play for America." He gathered about him a dozen or more of amateur performers in his parish, assigned them to the principal parts and rehearsed these parts long before the larger work was undertaken. Gradually he filled every part, and had still more rehearsals, until one cast was complete and ready to give a performance.



Joseph Halsch, a young amateur who plays the part of "Christus" with conviction and sincerity in the Passion Play, "Veronica's Veil"

THEN he called in the architect of his church and told him to get to work immediately on plans for a Passion Play auditorium. The result was, St. Joseph's Auditorium at Central Avenue and Traphagen Street, West Hoboken, N. J., where performances of this sacred spectacle have been given during the past five years. Although the Reverend Director had always dreamed that his play was to become a permanent feature of the spiritual life of America, he made no effort whatever to invite critical opinion until late in 1916. Prior to that, casual reporters had made journeys from New York and written favorable notices. Then during the latter part of the Lenten season in 1916, Father Conrad invited the city editors of New York City to send reporters to see his production, and Father Conrad gladly acknowledges that the newspaper reporters of New York City discovered him and his production and brought to the sacred spectacle its present fame.

THE critics were amazed by the earnest simplicity of the players, the precision with which scene after scene was enacted—and went away to write of the crucifixion scene as "little short of the perfection of Oberammergau," as one of the reviewers put it.

The fourth season of the Play opened under the auspices of a distinguished committee of public-spirited citizens of which Justice Eugene A. Philbin was Chairman and Augustin McNally, Secretary. This committee made it its business to promote the play in every way possible. Public information was carried out in a dignified manner and special performances were given for clergymen of all denominations. During the fourth season a Brooklyn minister, who saw the play was so impressed that he took it for the text of a sermon the following Sunday.

During the past season, Colonel Louis D. Conley, formerly commander of the "Old 69th" Regiment of New York, was the chairman of the executive committee, and Augustin McNally, Secretary. It is planned to have a new chairman for each season, the retiring head of the committee to have the title of Past Chairman.

THERE are 100 persons in each cast. These casts consist of men and women carefully selected for their piety as well as for their ability to play the rôles assigned them. The Passion Play is given only during the Lenten season. At the beginning of the past season the *New York Sun*, in an editorial, hailed "Veronica's Veil" as something the American public could take and keep to itself for all time, and Father Conrad has resolutely contended that there is only one appropriate place for America's Passion Play, and that is its home Auditorium in West Hoboken.

I BELIEVE that the reverential character of this production," said Father Conrad, "precludes any possibility of future performances in great cities, and that the public must learn to make the pilgrimage annually to West Hoboken if it wants to see the Passion Play."

The town council of West Hoboken, at the request of the Executive Committee, passed a resolution last year proclaiming West Hoboken as the "home of America's Passion Play." It has been favorably endorsed by ecclesiastics of all denominations, and the general public, and there is every reason to feel, therefore, that in "Veronica's Veil" America has a permanent Passion Play.

THE play is based on the traditional story of Saint Veronica, the woman who comforted Christ on the way to Calvary, wiped his face with a napkin on which, after he had removed it, was imprinted the face of the Redeemer. The big, central, impressive scene is that of the Crucifixion. Audience after audience has been mystified by this scene. Some spectators thought it was a lifeless picture artfully handled so as to give intense realistic effect. But the fact is that all of the characters in this scene are human beings, and the central figure hanging on the cross is a youth of twenty whose acting has left a profound impression on every spectator.

There are five acts, and from beginning to end, while the story of Veronica is unfolded, the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Christ are portrayed with all the intenseness of actors especially equipped for the sacred drama. There is the Trial before Pilate, the Impression of the Sacred Face on the veil of Veronica, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the establishment of Christianity in the Catacombs, and the final tableaux of the Martyrs in Glory, illustrating the reward of perseverance in Christian life.

SITTING in the humble rectory of the West Hoboken church, Father Conrad said a few days ago:

"This Passion Play is a very large part of my ministry. The moment one season ends I am preparing for the next. I know the stage of the Passion Play as well as the pulpit in my church. The dressing rooms, the lights, the scenery, the music, the tableaux, yes, even the text of the play itself have been re-shaped, remodeled, gone over again and again—and we shall continue making improvements, even to the exclusion of members of the casts, until this sacred drama is stage-perfect in every detail. After the first season we could have sold the rights, cleared the parish of a very heavy debt and started anew. But that was never in my mind. This play will never be sold, never produced on a commercial stage for commercial purposes or by professional actors. It cannot be bought and it cannot be performed by anyone without a written permission signed by me.

"We have spent many weary nights with the Players, rehearsing scene after scene with all the earnestness of professionals. No mechanical detail has been overlooked. The costumes are exact models of those worn in the Oberammergau production and we welcome the most searching criticism."

DRAMATIC ARTS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

By
IRENE AUGUSTA COFFIN

THE Greek Theatre at the University of California has come to be a potent factor in linking the life and interests of the college public with the life and interests of the community at large. The success of student productions no longer rests merely on the approval of a few admiring friends and relatives of those taking part. The capacity of the Greek Theatre invites a far larger and more disinterested audience. Plays not frequently produced on the professional stage are favored by the student actors and a high standard of artistic excellence must be attained in order to merit the patronage of the general public as well as to cultivate dramatic appreciation in the University. The English Club performance last spring, of Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d' Arc" was sure of its appeal to popular enthusiasm since in the heroic Maid of Orleans is the embodiment of the present undaunted spirit of France. Last year, too, the Mask and Dagger Society sought an opportunity for community service, and its members prepared a repertoire of one-act plays with which they toured the training camps throughout the state. "'Op-o'-my-Thumb," by Richard Pryce; "The Bear," an amusing Russian sketch, by Tchekhov and "Unhand Me, Drusilla," styled "a comedy, not written by Bernard Shaw," proved thoroughly entertaining to their widely varied audiences.

THE English Club and the Mask and Dagger Society fulfill different dramatic aims and purposes. The two organizations in no wise conflict or overlap. The English Club has been devoted to the revival of classic drama or the presentation of plays requiring elaborate spectacular settings. With little actual change of scene, the Greek Theatre lends its dignity and splendor to productions ranging wide in subject and period. In addition to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night" and "Henry, the Fifth," by Shakespeare, the English Club has staged "The House of Rimmon," by Henry Van Dyke; "Nero," by Stephen Phillips; "The Shoemaker's Holiday," by Thomas Dekker; "Richelieu," by Bulwer-Lytton; "The Vikings at Helgeland," by Henrick Ibsen; "Sherwood," by Alfred Noyes and "Cæsar and Cleopatra," by George Bernard Shaw.

TRADITION assigns to the Mask and Dagger Society those plays of our modern dramatists which need the closer intimacy of the conventional indoor theatre. Here individual ability, subtlety of line and clever pantomime count for more than riotous mob scenes, colorful costumes and splendid ensemble effect. Embryonic stars may shine in the leading rôles of "Trelawney of the Wells," "Captain Jinks," "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," "The Fortune Hunter," "Leah Kleschna," and "The Schoolmistress."

IT may be regarded as an indication of a changing attitude toward the theatre as well as a tribute to the quality of their training as amateurs that an increasing number of Mask and Dagger members have won recognition on the professional stage. Janice Meredith headed a stock company in Chicago and later went on the road in "Peg o' My Heart." Lurita Stone appeared in New York in "The Masquerader," after a successful season in the company of Margaret Anglin. Alice Elliot recently appeared as Edith Goodhue in William H. Crane's production of the eugenic comedy, "The Very Idea." Minnie Sisson and William S. Rainey filled stock engagements in Oakland and both have been prominent in The Little Theatre performances of the San Francisco Players' Club. George Manship, before enlisting with the Royal Berkshire Artillery, was a member of the Stratford-on-Avon players in England. It was the striking success of his Junior Farce, "James Wobberts, Freshman," that turned Richard Walton Tully from the pursuit of law to playwrighting. This play is now available for amateurs under the title of "The Strenuous Life." Its situations are uproariously funny.

AS director of both English Club and Mask and Dagger productions, Garnet Holme guided the development of dramatic taste at the University and contributed to the students much of his own enthusiasm for the art of acting. Mr. Holme was formerly associated with Frank R. Benson at the Stratford Theatre in England.

The University authorities, appreciating the social and educational value of student interest in the drama, have added their official endorsement in the recent appointment of Sam Hume as Professor of Dramatic Arts. Professor Hume made his initial bow to the University of California when, as an undergraduate, in 1907, he appeared on the stage of the Greek Theatre riding an elephant in "The Little Clay Cart," by King Shudraka. Later Professor Hume studied with Granville Barker and Gordon Craig in England. He is best known for his achievements at the Arts and Crafts Playhouse in Detroit. He returns with enriched experience to expand and develop the possibilities of Community Drama through the University and its dramatic organizations, the English Club and the Mask and Dagger Society.

"Prunella" at the University of California, with William S. Rainey as "Pierrot" and Ruth Hammond as "Prunella"

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RECENT AMATEUR PRODUCTIONS

BELOIT COLLEGE, Beloit, Wis.: An original Play—"The Spirit of France."

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO—An early American Play, "Fashion."

DUBUQUE COLLEGE, Dubuque, Ia.—"A Successful Calamity."

AMPHION CLUB, Port Huron, Mich.—"The Mikado."

DRAMATIC CIRCLE, Church of Sacred Heart, Bellevue, Ky.—"Her Gloves."

REGIS HIGH SCHOOL, New York—"Hamlet."

LAWRENCEVILLE SCHOOL, New Jersey—Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme."

Photos Lewis-Smith

For "Fiammetta" hair (see below) a midnight blue hat with a wreathing feather to match makes a wonderful background

Miss Norman claims for this cream velvet frock, with its beautiful lines and two sable skins attached to the back, un succes fou with the audiences who came to see "The Crowded Hour." Its small train is lined in absinthe green satin

TYPES—

MISS CHRISTINE NORMAN
SCANDINAVIAN

By
ANNE ARCHBALD

SCANDINAVIAN.... hardy Norseman.... blue eyes, blonde hair, those are one's associations with the word, are they not? So, first of all, you would expect Miss Norman's coloring to be fair, wouldn't you? We will not disappoint you. It is. She runs true to type, with one exception which we shall mention in a minute. She has the fair skin of the Scandinavian, and the blue eyes—when they aren't being grey or green—and the particular slender, tip-tilted nose that is also characteristic of the race, and that is accompanied by a very definite chiselling of the little cleft in the upper lip, which in turn is twinned by a distinct little cleft in the chin. But Miss Norman's hair fails to live up to its part. It has come under English or Italian influence, I don't know which you'd call it. Anyway it's like the lovely hair that one sees in the Rosetti pictures. "Fiammetta" hair someone calls it. Miss Norman, who has been playing this season in "The Crowded Hour," has an unfailing taste in frocks and hats for herself, having a particular affinity for the latter which she collects with abandon.

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Anna Fitziu, prima donna, wears a gown of Mallinson's Pussy Willow and Indestructible Voile

MALLINSON'S
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Photo Lewis-Smith

There are so many charming things about this personal frock of Miss Norman's, the material, the coloring, the novel sleeves, that you must be sure and not miss one of them. The frock is made of double-faced satin, American beauty on one side, pink on the other, the pink showing through the folds in certain lights. The girdle is of American beauty and heliotrope taffeta, and the cream lace sleeves speak for themselves. Miss Norman's hat is of black satin with a black lace edging laid around the brim

Photo Francis Bruguière

Madame Toto, French couturière—formerly of Paris, now of New York—who makes clothes that are "different," is the creator of this day frock for Miss Norman—a heavy blue tricotine dropped tunic-fashion over a narrow blue satin skirt. The two sides of the tunic, as an old comic opera song has it, are "opposite, and not a bit like each and one another." Side right is shirred under the arm at a high waist line; while side left hangs free. A fine line of small red beads runs around the neck, the sleeves, and the bottom of the tunic

Photo Francis Bruguière

Miss Norman's individual coat of mole with large collar that is put on slightly full about the neck, ending in long mole streamers! Mr. Bruguière, who posed Miss Norman, very much approved of the ensemble made by the coat and its relieving "spots" of fluffy Yo-San, white gloves, and tan spats over brown kid pumps. The latter, incidentally, are of that lovely soft "F. B. & C." glazed kid, and are what Stern's call their spat pumps, especially adapted for wear with pumps

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THE FURS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

By

ANGELINA

An aristocratic ermine stole from Révillon, to wear over summer frocks, white and cool-looking as the driven snow

THE big fur houses are "now showing" their spring and summer models. I suppose I don't have to remind anyone that there is no longer a closed season for furs. I doubt if there ever will be. At least during our lifetime, now that we are acclimated to the idea of their all-the-year-round use.

Balch, Price telephoned me one afternoon to come over and be among the first to see their Spring handicraft. So I took the occasion to make character at home by having early breakfast with Father, riding down-town with him in the car, and then being taken on to Brooklyn. If you have followed these columns I don't need to tell you what an entertaining hour was in store for me once I got there.

The first thing I realized about the summer furs was that this year they have been much more adapted to their uses. Where they aren't combined with some thin material, they have been abbreviated into small collars or light stoles, giving just sufficient warmth to make them rational, and not superfluous. Balch, Price showed me some of those fluffy little coatees made of the thin materials trimmed with fur, that are really the newest note in summer furs. They will have a great success, we prophesy. A charming model was of taupe "indestructible voile" laid over blue and gold "will o' the wisp," the two gathered into wide flat bands of mole top and bottom, wide baggy sleeves, mole-cuffed, emerging as by-products of the manipulation. If you prefer, you may have this same type of model made longer, quite to the hem of your skirt.

A. E. Jaeckel and Co. are featuring one of these long models in a tricolette material that is plaided with fine openwork lines into small squares. Their original model—a sketch of which is shown on the following page—is in a vivid shade of old blue combined with narrow rows of squirrel. But it can be made up in any combination of

One of the light-in-weight collars that are to be a part of the smart regalia in summer furs, and which Balch, Price, its originators, have named the "aeroplane" collar. In the hand, as a simple strip of mole with two mole buttons, it reveals none of its ingenious versatility. But when worn it may point its wings in three different ways—and one more, not shown, with the wing straight down the back

Photo Abbe

Miss Ivy Sawyer, who has been one of the "principal girls" in the winter's run of "Oh, My Dear" at the Princess, wears off the stage this charming frock of blue and beige patterned "indestructible voile." The fan is an old favorite, Miss Sawyer says. So if any of you are superstitious about peacock feathers, Miss Sawyer's great success in frocks, in her stage career, and in having acquired the engaging Joseph Santley for a husband, ought to cure you on the spot

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THE FURS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

(Continued from page 312)

This model from A. E. Jaeckel & Co., of blue tricolette plaided with fine openwork lines and trimmed with rows of squirrel, is the latest word in summer furs

materials and fur that you wish. A soft duvetyn wrap of this character for motoring, or yachting, would be ideal.

At Révillon's I saw the foregoing distinguished ermine stole, to be worn over light afternoon or evening frocks. With its pure white fur, its lining of white georgette over white satin, and fringe of small tails, it presents an aspect delightfully cool and aristocratic, and at the same time almost dainty,—if one can apply that word to furs.

All these fur houses, Révillon, A. E. Jaeckel & Co., Balch, Price are unanimous in asserting the extraordinary revival and popularity of the little one-skin neck furs in sables, minks, fishers and stone martens. They say they can't turn them out fast enough. The Parisians started this fashion, wearing such one-skin pieces for both day and evening, and American women have fallen for the idea with enthusiasm. As it is pointed out, since your piece is small you can have one of the more expensive furs for the same price that you paid for your last year's large fox skin. I shall early-breakfast with Father several times this month, and try to cajole a neck-skin out of him. Fisher will be my choice, if I'm successful. I prefer it to sable, there's such a richness of coloring to the fur, and it wears even better.

And to go with my fisher skin I must have one of the new "Picadilly" mesh bags. If I can get Father to stand for that I shall choose a real gold mesh. But if *I'm* obliged to foot the bill, I shall let myself off easy, and buy one of washed gold, or silver. What makes the "Picadilly" different from other gold and silver mesh bags is the little vanity box that is concealed in the frame, and that opens with a spring. Instead, therefore, of having inconveniently to fish down into one's bag, hunt first for one's powder box, and then for one's mirror, bring them out, lay down one's bag somewhere while one powders—with the chance of *mis*-laying it—you simply hold up your "Picadilly," snap open the vanity box, and the powdering is accomplished inconspicuously in the twinkling of an eye, with ease and despatch.

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TURN out the contents of any feminine hand-bag, picked up at random, and dollars to doughnuts, you will find among the various articles at least one of those engaging small, round boxes containing compact powder, and bearing the label "La Dorine." Eight out of ten women offer the little box to you on request for powder. Eight out of ten women fish it from their purses in front of a mirror. And wise virgins are these eight per cent! This "Vanity Box" is written for that benighted other two per cent. that know not Mademoiselle "Dorine." Or for the eight per cent. who, perhaps, have not yet realized all the possibilities of beautifying that the "Dorine" compact powders offer.

THE immense convenience of the little "Dorine" powder boxes lures in the first place. Their small size, so "slippable" for carrying round in bags, the fact that the powder in them *is* compact and therefore cannot shake over the front of one's dress when applied, as loose powder does. But more important than that even, is the range of shades that "La Dorine" comes in, a full palette.

There is *blanche,* a cream white for the very whitest skins, that camellia skin seen frequently on certain types of Irish women, and—curiously enough—on certain Oriental types, too. There is *rosée,* a pink tone for the English roses-and-cream type of beauty. There is *rachel,* for olive and sallow skins. And there is *naturelle,* for all the skins that do not fall into these three categories.

IN addition to these tones there are the more deeply tinted powders, or rouges—you can salve your conscience with the former expression, if you do not like the thought of rouge—that are intended to go with them and give the color harmonies to the picture of your face. Powder should never be applied all over the face without this after toning-down, this deepening of the color of the skin at certain places, as nature does it,—the cheeks, the chin, the lobes of the ears. A French woman, you know, always adds a final dab of rouge to her chin and ears.

These rouges, or deeper tinted powders, come in the same compact form and box as the others. There is a *rose de blanche* for pale blondes. A *framboise* that gives rather a bright color. *Rouge blondore,* a very interesting rouge made for gold blondes,—a kind of salmon, or brickish pink. A brown rouge called *olivette,* for the olive and dark-skinned woman. And a *brunette rouge* (not to be confused with the latter) that can be used by almost everyone. Be sure when you are choosing your rouges to test the different shades and get the one that is right for your complexion. No matter what it may be, you can take any two of these "Dorine" powders and get a natural, beautiful effect that doesn't look in the least made up. Anybody from an ashe blonde to the darkest brunette may use them.

A LITTLE bit apart from these in classification is the "Dorine" heliotrope tinted powder, of which you have doubtless already heard, and which has a special purpose of its own. That is, it is intended for use in the evening to give life to sallow skins, or an enhancing pallor to an already fair, pale skin. It is also excellent for women a little middle-aged, if anyone nowadays may be so called.... And further still, to prove that the "Dorine" people have thought of everything, they make a liquid rouge that will not rub off, *vinaigre de rouge,* for wear in bathing, or in cases where the skin is likely to get moist.

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

MISS PEGGY O'NEIL

MY vanity box always contains tiny plaques of La Dorine and Dorin's Rouge Brunette.

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Peggy O'Neil

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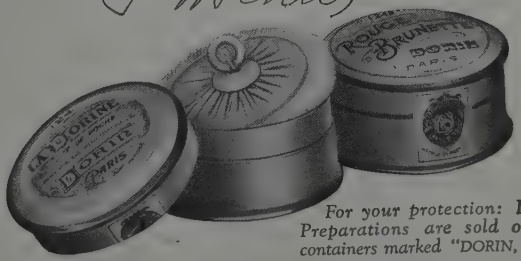

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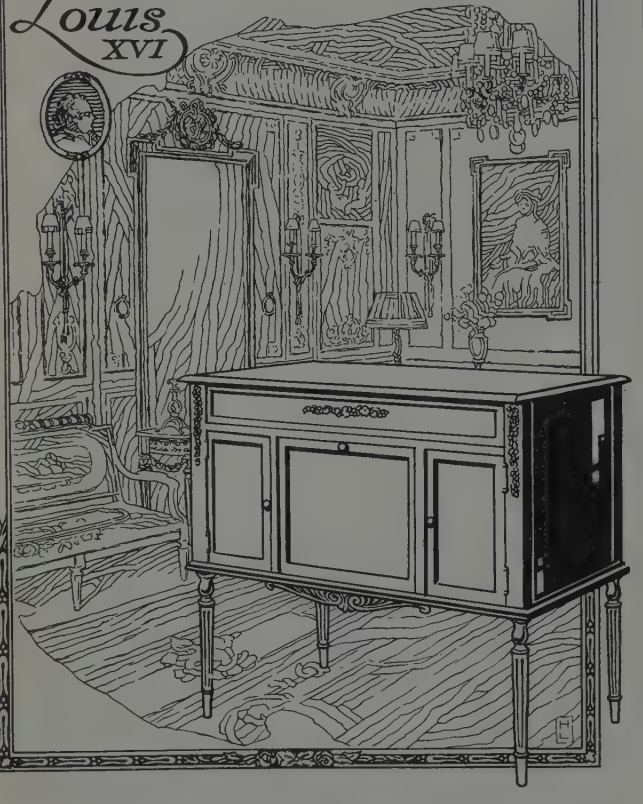

AMATEUR THEATRICALS

AT THE

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

W. White Howard, author and producer of "Oh, Susie Behave" at the University of Virginia

THE University of Virginia Theatrical Club made a wide departure this year from the ordinary run of college productions. A musical revue, modeled after the Winter Garden "Passing Shows" being produced in true Winter Garden style, with a cast composed entirely of men. The revue contained impressions and burlesques of current New York productions, such as "The Tailor-Made Man," "Eyes of Youth," and others of like nature. The production was in two acts and eighteen scenes and contained twenty musical numbers. True to type there was a chorus of thirty that paraded the runway in the most approved style, the principals numbered fourteen, an orchestra of twelve and a stage manager with five assistants ran the back stage part of the performance. And what makes this accomplishment all the more remarkable is the fact that not any member of the cast had ever appeared professionally, the entire production being managed, produced and backed by the students of the University.

THE première was given in December under the name of "Take It From Me," but seeing the announcement that William Moore Patch was about to produce a show under this name, the revue was henceforth called "Oh, Susie Behave" to avoid confusion. "Oh, Susie Behave" scored such an emphatic hit at her début that it was decided to take the production on tour. So a route was laid out and "Susie" started her career on the road. Performances were given to large audiences in every city of any size in Virginia and flattering press reports were received everywhere. The season closed at Baltimore on February 22d, although an offer for its New York appearance was made to the manager. This, however, was deemed impracticable.

OH, SUSIE BEHAVE" was written and staged by W. White Howard, a student at the university. Mr. Howard, although only twenty, has staged some dozen productions, including five musical revues, plays by Dunsany and others. It is due to his untiring efforts and personal ability that the production of "Oh, Susie Behave" was such a success.

Numerous personal hits were scored by the performers in the play, but the consensus of opinion would seem to select for particular praise Starke Patteson of Memphis and Charles Dickinson of Richmond. The series of dances given by these performers were received with great acclaim everywhere.

"Oh, Susie, Behave"'s career is over, but the fame that she has won will stir the Theatrical Club to even greater efforts. The members of this organization have done the biggest thing of this kind ever seen in the South, and the fact that it was a real success, in spite of many obstacles, speaks well for the performers and gives a reputation to the University of Virginia of which it may well be proud.

We shall await next year's performance of the Theatrical Club with interest and hope that perhaps by that time, it may penetrate as far as New York.

Starke Patteson, a student of the University of Virginia, in his clever impersonation of Ann Pennington

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AMATEUR THEATRICALS

COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE AT NEWPORT

By

LILLIE G. CURRIN

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, during the months of the war, has become a great naval base. Thousands of men have been stationed here, and the question of their amusement has been a most important one. Like many other small cities, Newport is no longer a "one night stand." There was a time when Ethel Barrymore appeared here "in person," but those were in the happy days long since past. Now our hearts leap when we see her name in a local paper, only to sink again when we find she is to appear as "a queen of the silver sheet," as the motion picture magazines so poetically put it. There are two combination houses—but no place for the legitimate drama, exclusively; therefore, the decision of the War Camp Community Service, made this winter, to turn its theatre over to a committee for the production of well-known plays, was greeted with pleasure by the lovers of the drama.

THE Community Playhouse is under the management of the War Camp Community Service, of which Mrs. Ellen French Vanderbilt is Vice-Chairman. The plays are acted by local amateurs, assisted by two professionals, Lionel Glenister and Elsie Rizer, who are giving endless time and untiring energy to make the local productions successful.

THE amateurs have entered with zest into the cause, and the social colony, the permanent residents, the Army and Navy and the members of the various war activities stationed here, are well represented in the different casts.

The season is for ten weeks, with a new play produced each week for three evening performances and a matinée. The amateurs are first rehearsed alone, and when they are letter perfect, they begin their work with the professionals. Then the stage business, gestures, emphasis, correct entrances and exits, are very carefully rehearsed, and with few exceptions, a new cast of amateurs appears each week, so that they are not over-worked.

IT has been a notable fact that the amateurs have done exceedingly well, and it has been forcibly impressed upon our audiences, that having the dramatic instinct, a well-educated person under skilled training, can give to a minor rôle the careful delineation demanded of a professional. Some of our most successful actors, to start with, had only the dramatic instinct, and, through force of circumstances, had not the trained mind which is the result of education; the mental training had to come much later in their careers. Our amateurs are well-educated, keen to grasp the dramatic situation, and have a real love for the work.

If the Community Playhouse does nothing more than train our young people to appreciate the spoken drama, and make our small communities realize that its local talent is worthy of consideration, it shall not have been tried in vain.

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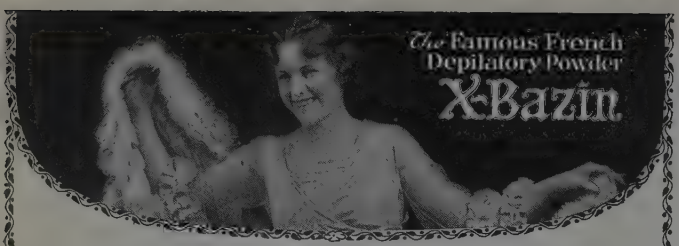

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Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

E. W., Houston, Texas.—Q.—Can you tell me where I can get some information in regard to moving pictures of Shakespeare's plays?

A.—Film versions of "Julius Cæsar" have been released by Kleine and Cines; "King Lear," by Tannhauser; "Macbeth," by Fine Arts; "The Merchant of Venice," by Universal, Eclipse, and Tannhauser; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by Selig and Eclipse; "Othello," by Cines; "Richard III," by the Shakespeare Film Co.; "Romeo and Juliet," by Pathe, Metro, and Fox; "Twelfth Night," by Vitagraph, and "A Winter's Tale," by Tannhauser. All these features have been produced within the last few years, and if you write to the manufacturers mentioned, in care of THEATRE MAGAZINE, we shall be pleased to forward your letters.

L. M., Roxbury, Mass.—Q.—Kindly give me an account of Katharine Kaelred's life. 2. What issues contain pictures or an article about her? 3. What is she playing in at present?

A.—Katharine Kaelred was born in England. From 1903 to 1906 she was engaged in England with F. R. Benson's company, Cyril Maude's company, and the Compton Comedy company. Then she went to Australia, co-starring with Julius Knight. In 1908 she came to America, appearing as Olga in "The Devil." Later she played the title rôle in "Judith Zaraine," and Mrs. Payne-Allan in "The Renegade." During a stock engagement in Milwaukee she played such rôles as Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defense"; Zira, etc. At the Liberty Theatre, New York, in 1909, she created a sensation as the Woman in "A Fool There Was." In 1910 she was seen in "We Can't Be as Bad As All That." She then returned to England, making her first appearance on the London stage in "A Fool There Was." Her next appearance in New York was in "The Ne'er Do Well," and after that she was seen in "Joseph and His Brethren" on tour, and in the revival of "Beau Brummell." 2. There is a splendid picture of Miss Kaelred in the July, 1916, issue (price, 45c), and another in the September, 1915 (45c). The March, 1911, issue, (60c) contains a full page picture of her, and there is a full page, also, in the April, 1910, number (60c). "A Vampire Woman at Close Range" is the title of the article published in July, 1909 (70c) and it is illustrated with one picture. 3. Miss Kaelred is at present appearing in "A Good Bad Woman" at the Harris Theatre, New York.

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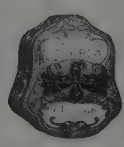

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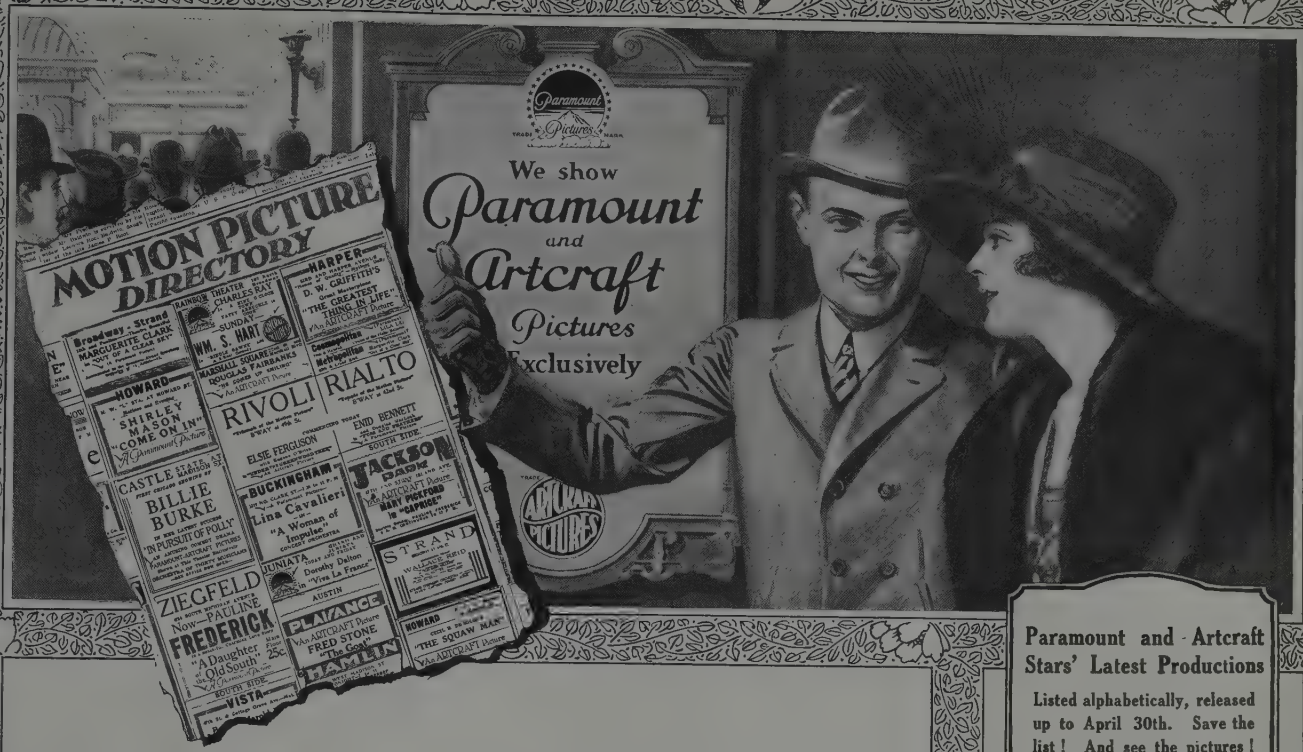

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Ethel Clayton *in* "Pettigrew's Girl"
*Dorothy Dalton *in* "The Homebreaker"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Peppy Polly"
Lila Lee *in* "Rustling A Bride"
Vivian Martin *in* "Little Comrade"
Shirley Mason *in* "The Rescuing Angel"
*Charles Ray *in* "Greased Lighting"
Wallace Reid *in* "The Roaring Road"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Something to Do"

Paramount-Artcraft Special

"The Hun Within" *with* a Special Star Cast
"Private Peat" *with* Private Harold Peat
"Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
"Little Women" *(from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)*, A Wm. A. Brady Production
"The Silver King" *starring* William Faversham
"The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "For Better, For Worse"
Douglas Fairbanks *in* "Arizona"
Elsie Ferguson *in* "Eyes of the Soul"
D. W. Griffith's Production "The Girl Who Stayed Home"
*William S. Hart *in* "The Poppy Girl's Husband"
Mary Pickford *in* "Captain Kidd, Jr."
Fred Stone *in* "Johnny Get Your Gun"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy "Love"
Paramount-Mack Sennett "The Foolish Age" "The Little Widow"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "The Last Battle"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew *in* "An Amateur Liar"

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It absorbs stains and becomes discolored. It causes tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Today it is possible, because science has discovered a harmless activating method. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, has opened a new dental era.

Now that film can be constantly combated. Its ceaseless damage to the teeth can be prevented. Teeth can be really cleaned. See what that means to you and yours by trying it ten days.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste and watch results. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Those results mean that the film is conquered. See them, then decide for yourself their importance.

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page 276*)

Harry Tighe with his genial if overworked chuckle is the evening's mainstay. Next to him in my favor came Marcelle Carroll as the French soubrette, vivacious and *chic*.

PLYMOUTH. "THE JEST." Drama in four acts, adapted from the Italian of Sam Benelli's "La Cena Delle Beffe." Produced on April 9 with this cast:

Giannetto Malespini	John Barrymore
Neri Chiaramentesi	Lionel Barrymore
Gabriello Chiaramentesi,	Walter P. Richmond
Tornaquinci	Arthur Forest
Fazio	E. J. Balllantine
The Doctor	Cecil Clovelly
The Executioner	Alexander F. Frank
Calandra	Paul Irving
Nencio	George Casselberry
Camus	H. Charles Smith
Lapo	Rankin Davenport
A Singer	Thomas Williams
Ginevra	Maude Hanaford
Cintia	Maude Durand
Lisabetta	Margaret Fareleigh
Lucretia	Martha McGraw
Fiametta	Gilda Varesi
A Lieutenant	Jacob Kingsberry

THE JEST" is of the romantic genre. To my mind, it is unfair to class it as an imitation of the Sardou school. It is something bigger in sweep and deeper in psychologic meaning than anything produced by the French author from "Patrie" to "Gismonda." If I were looking for a parallel, I should liken it more to the work of Webster. If the tremendous note, that great Elizabethan, the first after Shakespeare, sounded in "The Duchess of Malfi," is not here quite reproduced; for sanguinary ferocity and sublimated horror it measures well up to "The White Devil."

Senor Benelli, the Italian, wrote it about ten years ago. It had a tremendous vogue in his own country and was produced in Paris by Sarah Bernhardt in a metrical version made for her by Jean Richepin. The version used by the Barrymores is said to have come from the pen of Edward Sheldon. Be that as it may, whoever did it, turned out (it is over-long and needs cutting) a fine piece of workmanship, instinct with the flavor of the gorgeous and decadent period of Lorenzo, the magnificent, and couched in fine, nervous, trenchant English that breathes the spirit of true literary finish.

A young painter, Giannetto Malespini, a physical weakling, with an avowed streak of cowardice, has from youth up been the butt and target of the brutal jests of the brothers Chiaramantesi. The elder, Neri, Captain of the Mercenaries, has subjected him to particular indignities, and further robbed him of his mistress. The young painter resolves to pit his mental alertness against the brothers' physical superiority in the accomplishment of a fitting revenge. With subtle ingenuity he has Neri locked up as a madman and tortured, induces him (Neri) unknowingly to murder his own favorite brother, and brings such devilish ingenuity to work that the towering, dominant, brutal captain breaks down and resolves into a gibbering idiot.

Two magnificent acting parts are thus provided in these two contrasting rôles for the Barrymores, who, by the force of sheer art, demonstrate themselves as real leaders in the histrionic field. The showy part of Neri is a veritable creation as presented by Lionel. The suggestion of magnificent strength, dogged courage and crazy enthusiasm are depicted in glowing colors. It is marvelously picturesque in design and accomplishment. John, as the weakling, has the harder task, but he brings to his part a fine sensibility, a feeling knowledge of shades and moods and a personality that is poetry itself. Arthur Forrest was finely dignified as Tornaquinci and Gianetto's devoted slave, Fazio, depicted with gentle feeling by A. J. Ballantine. As one of the victims of Neri's mad passion Gilda Varesi was the embodiment of diabolical hatred. Ginevra, the frail one, was acted by Maude Hanaford. Maud Durand as her none too scrupulous servant, was well in the picture.

The three settings by Robert Edmond Jones, for color, significance, and helpful aid to the moving incidents of the play, were gems of artistic expression. The costumes, too, were superb. "The Jest" is a real triumph for all concerned.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912*, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1919, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 301 West 108th St., New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of March, 1919. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 41. New York Co. Clerk's No. 200. New York Co. Register's No. 10203. (My term expires March 30, 1920.)

Elizabethan Design of Columbia Grafonola

Columbia Grafonola

in Period designs

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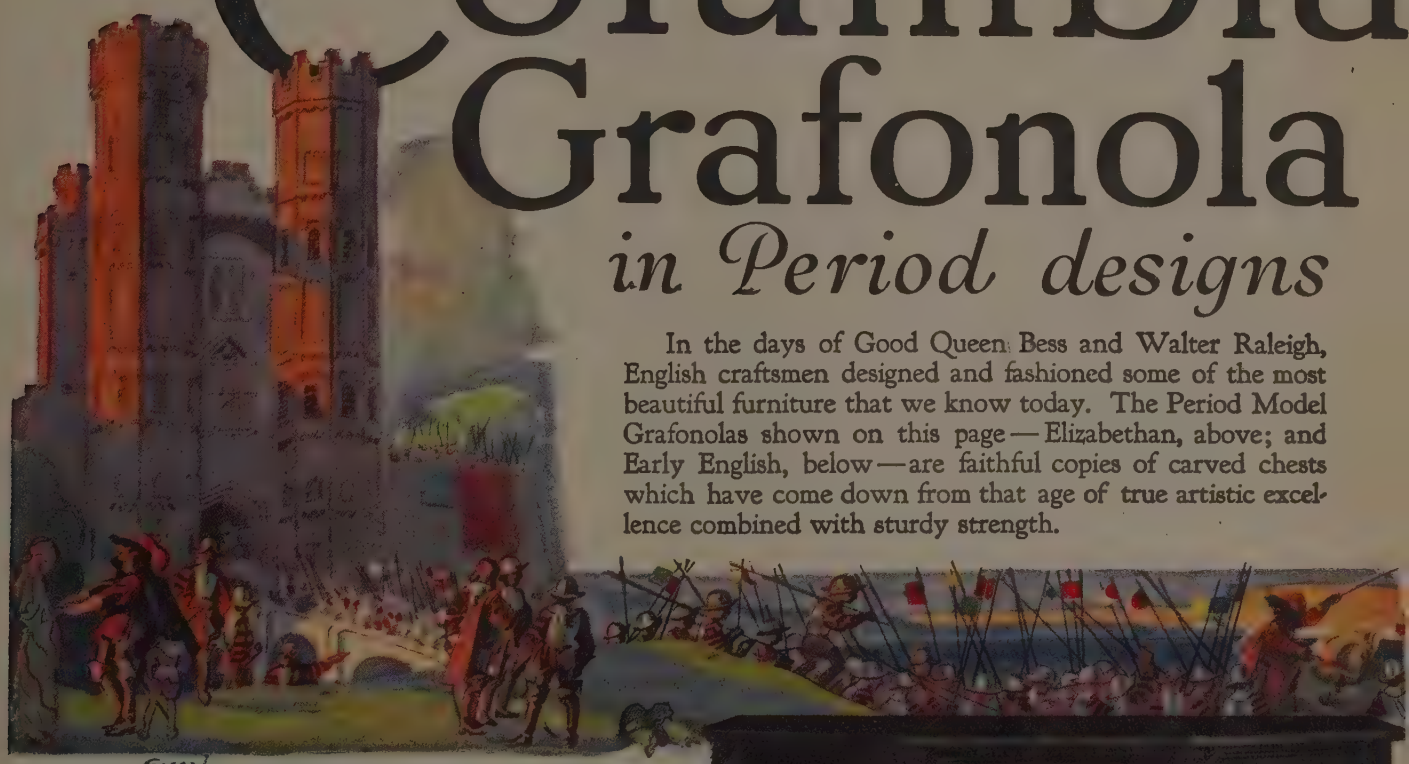

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THE MAN WHO MAKES THE SHOW GO

(*Continued from page 270*)

playing small parts, or merely walking on, and as might be expected, these persons were sometimes mere novices. So that to all intents and purposes a stage manager finds himself conducting a school of acting.

And it must not be forgotten that the stage manager, in addition to telling others how to act, quite often takes a part himself. This part may be of greater or less length—occasionally the producer allows him to choose a part, but whatever its length, and whatever changes of costume it requires, he must never allow his other work to lapse. Even while on the stage, he keeps busy at more than his actual lines, for he watches the scene at close range and keeps check on the actors. This combination of acting and stage managing has complications at times, as in the case of Mr. Maxwell, again, for he has several lines in "East Is West" which are Chinese, and he has found it necessary to learn bits of the language—in odd times—to make sure that he and others give these Chinese lines in the correct dialect.

Just how much a man needs to know to perform all these duties, just how much experience he requires, may be guessed from the fact that Mr. Maxwell has been 23 years on the stage, has produced or stage managed in regular productions and stock companies over 400 plays, and has himself played over 600 parts.

A man of some such sort will be found in every production now on Broadway, something of a director, something of a manager, something of an actor, and serving also as buffer between the producer and the company. If he leaves the actors alone, maintaining no discipline, he is to their mind a fine fellow; but to the manager he is no good. And exactly the reverse is true, so that to fill this part of his job a man needs personality as well as ability. Is there a paragon of the virtues? Rumors of such a person are heard now and then, but meantime we have the humble stage managers, and they do very well.

THE OSHUN AND BILLIE BURKE

(*Continued from page 294*)

i says "to the Breakers" liked i owned the hotel and thare on the poarch was mister Coyne, who jest got thare all wet, and he seen me alite, too. We went up-stares in silents but in the room i seen a dangrus gleem in his i when he sed "well, don wan, how did you enjoy the afternoon with missus Zigfeeld?" (he must have new all the time, which is why he sed "huh" so mutch.

"oh so-so," i says, not to be owtdid in camel-flagging, "the hole famly was thare. that's a cute littel girl they got." then i seen he was compleatly tooken back, so i says "maybe ile interdooce you sometime if we chants to meat them in a propishus place."

he was awful put owt, all rite, but i kep my equalibrum. All i ask now is that you print this intervue so nobudy will no that i wasunt a regiler corispondent of the theayter Magazeen. (you see i am going to see that pritty nurse agen maybe). but anyway, i love intervues and hope you will give me lots of werk, like Crewso or missus Petrova. you can send my check rite away becuz i think mister Coyne is cooking up something. yours trooly,

HENRY MCNUTT.

SIDNEY DREW DEAD

Sidney Drew, the well known and popular comedy star of filmland, died on April 9 last at his New York home, 826 Park Avenue, of uraemia and heart disease.

Sidney Drew, a brother of John Drew and uncle of Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, was born about fifty-four years ago, and for many years acted on the legitimate stage. But he never acquired much prominence until he went into the movies. In this field his success was instantaneous. He had a comical mask that lent itself particularly well to the camera, and added to his fine sense of humor, he was the first to make movie fans laugh without having recourse to vulgarity and slap-stick clowning. He and his wife, Lucille McVey, soon became enormous screen favorites, and today their pictures are known all over the world. The dead actor's son, S. Rankin Drew, a member of the Lafayette Squadron, was recently killed in France while fighting German Fokers.

NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

A LITTLE girl of thirteen sang in a church in Meriden, Connecticut, where she was born. She sang very well. So well that a famous music teacher heard her and agreed to train her voice. So well that before she had studied three weeks he exclaimed: "Before six months have passed I can place you at the Metropolitan." So well that the teacher's promise came true. So well that on the night of her debut at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, November 15, 1918, the audience went mad over this native American singer, so young, so beautiful, so brilliant—went mad and rose up in a frenzy of joy acclaiming her—at the age of twenty-two—one of the world's great dramatic sporanos! That is the story of Rosa Ponselle. This month she sung for Columbia Records the great war song, *"Keep the Home Fires Burning."*

Two other great war songs recorded for Columbia this month are *"The Americans Come"* and *"When the Boys Come Home,"* both sung by Louis Graveure, the great baritone.—*Adv.*

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MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

(*Continued from page 268*)

wonderment; and it was just so at the finale of "The Temple Dancer."

Florence Easton had this rôle, and she sang it as well as the too-high tessitura of the music would permit. What surprised and pleased us was the grace of her dancing. We wouldn't have missed this performance for anything, for not to have seen Morgan Kingston capering about the stage like an overgrown traffic cop would have been to have foregone the visual masterpiece of the operatic season.

So far as the concerts were concerned, one would have thought New York never could expect—under any circumstances—such similar chances again. From every side came the programmes: orchestral, ensemble, choral, miscellaneous instrumental and vocal, and the individual recitals in which the singers, pianists and violinists predominated. One was reminded, through this multitudinous array, of the Sheriff of Nottingham's sage observation about "variety's sake"; he would have had no complaint to make had he been in New York during the past month, and felt the desire to hear some concert music.

At the very close of the offerings came the long-anticipated Pershing Square Musicale—the first one of a series to continue, in the ball-room of the new Hotel Commodore. As "an event" it was preëminently successful; with notables present from every walk of New York life, smart costumes and verve . . . oh yes, much verve. But some of the artists seemed a trifle shy of this most useful quality, Mary Garden primarily. She was excessively nervous; and then, in a concert, Miss Garden never did shine—save for the eyes. Caruso was more satisfactory, though he also was at a disadvantage; such a difficult thing for an opera singer to start without adequate preparation; "cold," as the experts express it. Mischa Elman was in his most sentimental mood, and Arthur Rubinstein scintillant with technique and pianistic effectiveness.

There were plenty of people on hand at the several Peace and Victory programmes proffered by the New York Symphony Orchestra, in which the Oratorio Society participated. Walter Damrosch arranged appropriate compositions, and they were well performed. There have been excellent concerts by the Boston Symphony Orchestra during the past month, but its season has closed and with credit—as has the Philharmonic's, the New York Symphony's and all the rest. We are interested, just at the moment, in the approaching post-season programmes of the New Symphony Orchestra, a chosen-from-all-sides organization, of which Edgar Varese is conductor and prominent society women are chiefly concerned.

Amongst the commendable chamber music concerts our people have had have been provided by the Flonzaleys, the Berkshire and Letz String Quartets, the Tollefsen Trio, Harold Bauer and Jacques Thibaud, Louis Wins and Edouard Gendron. As usual, the pianists have fairly flooded the city.

Galli-Curci and John McCormack have contributed their usual portions for those who admire singing; and some of their less celebrated confreres who merit praise for tasks admirably performed are Mary Kent, Eva Gauthier, Yvonne Gall—whose song recital abilities quite astonish us—Greta Torpadie, Barbara Maurel, Ruona Bogislav (Mrs. Riccardo Martin), Hulda Lashanska, Marguerite Namara and others about whom one might write if space were available.

NEW VICTOR RECORDS

HERE is a situation in the opera of "Samson and Dalila" which offers just the opportunity needed by such great artists as those who take these parts to display their vocal gifts and their interpretative endowments. And Caruso, Homer, and Journet make the most of it on a new Victrola Record. The three voices, each pleading its own cause, blend in wonderfully rich harmony. Dalila's music, sung by Homer, is seduction itself, and Caruso makes one feel the struggle that is going on in the soul of Samson, while Journet's part is a model of dignity and persuasive pleading.

One of the foremost of living French pianists, Alfred Cortot, makes his debut to Victor audiences this month through Saint-Saen's *"Waltz-Etude"* which he plays on a Victrola Record. This typical French example of the pianistic art has found an excellent interpreter in M. Cortot, who is himself a Frenchman.

Galli-Curci as Violetta, sings one of the loveliest airs in *Traviata*. on a new Victrola Record this month together with DeLuca as Germont. It is the selection, *"Dite Alla Giovine"* (Say to thy Daughter) —*Adv.*

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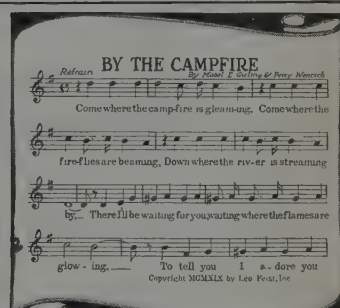

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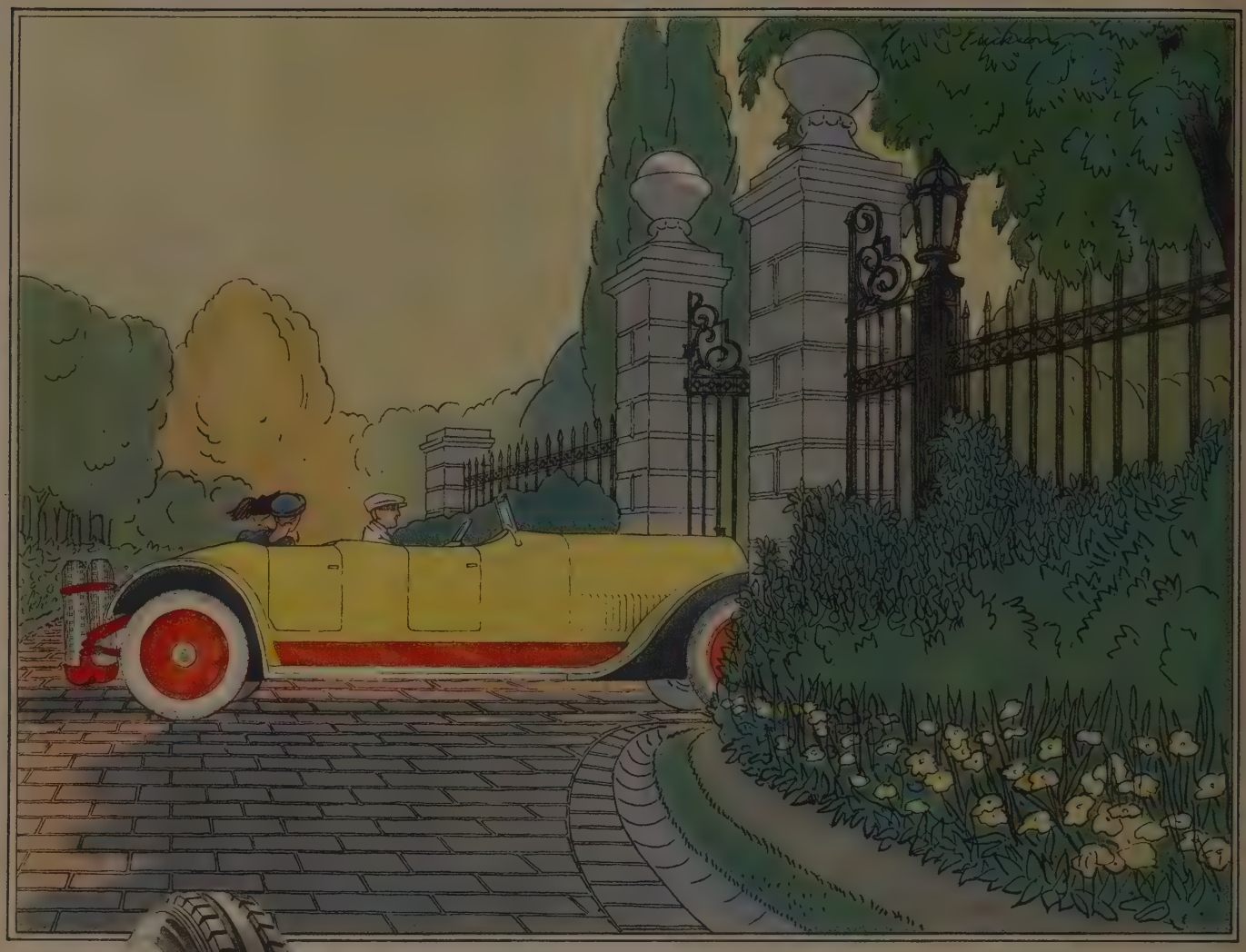

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Vol. No. 29, No. 6
Whole No. 220

THEATRE MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1919

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WHAT is a good play?

Edwin Carty Ranck asks and answers this question in a bright, entertaining fashion in the July issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Is the play the thing, after all? Did audiences flock to see "Hamlet" or to see Walter Hampden as the Melancholy Dane? The advertisements read HAMPDEN IN "Hamlet." Alas, poor Hamlet!

And what carried "Redemption" to success? Was it the play or the player? Mr. Ranck contends that the latter turned the trick.

Do you know a good play when you see it? Many people don't.

Let us help you get wise by reading, "What is a Good Play?" in the next issue.

TALKING of jobs—how would you like the actor's job?

Do you know what the player goes through?

When you see him gaily strutting on the stage, or making love to the beauteous leading lady, or rescuing the heroine from danger, don't you envy him?

"All that glitters is not gold," must have been written with one eye on the actor.

For the player has a job—and a mighty hard job at that.

The endless rehearsals, the tedious study of a rôle, the nervous strain of first nights, and hundreds of other things.

"The Job of Being an Actor," by Otis Skinner—who knows whereof he speaks—is a fascinating article in the July issue.

It's an eye opener, too!

A WISE man once said that no one knows a man like his valet.

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So we set out to interview the barber of John Barrymore, who everybody knows is the most popular of all popular actors.

Signor Conti, who performs the arduous task of shaving the matinée hero every day, should know a thing or two about John, and he tells you some amusing incidents in the next issue.

So don't miss the latest things in interviews.

A PARTING tip!

Don't forget when you go on your vacation, to tuck a copy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE in your grip.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER
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Editor
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THEATRE MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; FOUR DOLLARS BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, ADD $1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, ADD 85c.

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